

The Sketch

No. 671.—Vol. LII.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1905.

SIXPENCE.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MR. OSCAR ASCHE: THE POPULAR ACTOR AS BOTTOM
IN "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," AT THE ADELPHI.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

THE ONE AND LAST CHANCE: A WARNING TO OUR READERS.

The Christmas Number of "The Sketch" was published on Monday last, and, although the advance orders from the Trade exceeded those of previous years by a considerable amount, the enormous edition is practically sold out. The object of this notice is to warn our readers that there will be no reprints, and that intending purchasers should lose no time.

MOTLEY NOTES.

London.

CHRISTMAS is coming, friend the reader, and not a moment too soon. Every time I take up a daily paper I am horrified at the lack of "peace and goodwill towards men" reflected in its columns. Haven't you noticed the same thing yourself? Everybody seems to be going about abusing, at the top of his voice, the other members of his profession. In journals that lie on my desk as I write, I find bitter attacks on politicians, musicians, actors and actresses, literary critics, the Universities, and the average mind. Here is a dainty dish to set in front of one even before the morning cup of tea has had time to impart a feeling of semi-cheerfulness—

A writer on politics says: "*The governing classes of England have always enjoyed a generally healthy ignorance.*"

A distinguished composer, talking about conductors, says: "*Unfortunately, we have the mere pedantic, mechanical, respectable man, who would be equally successful as a schoolmaster, or, if he would keep time for others, would figure more usefully as a timekeeper in a factory-yard.*"

A celebrated actress says: "*Real merit on the stage is no help nowadays to advancement. Our leading actors and actresses are merely dressed-up puppets, pretending to be somebody else.*"

A well-known literary critic says: "*Criticism has largely reduced itself to log-rolling of friends or spiteful depreciation of enemies, and there is no adequate guidance for the public, even if the public wanted it.*"

A writer in the *Granta* says: "*The percentage of University men who ever do any good in life is infinitesimal.*"

A writer in a ladies' journal says: "*The average mind is content, sometimes conceited, if it succeeds in discovering the obvious.*"

I could find you many more such sayings, and equally pessimistic. You know the real cause of the trouble, don't you, friend the reader? Lack of humour. All these good people who work themselves up into such a wild state of resentment against their fellow-beings forget they have merely been dumped down for a few minutes on a tiny bit of a world. The mental perspective is at fault, or the sense of proportion, or whatever you like to call it. Christmas is coming, though, and shy Charity will have her annual innings. For a few days, at any rate, people will stop finding fault with each other, and, stuffed to repletion, may even spare time to wonder whether everything is in such a bad way, after all.

Hard on my expressions of alarm at the threatened physical and mental supremacy of women comes the announcement that jiu-jitsu, the famous Japanese method of personal attack and self-defence, is being taken up eagerly in many girls' schools, and is becoming a serious pursuit with society women. To my great concern, I find the science described as "an intelligent study in the power of mind over body," and I am reminded that "the power to be yielding, limp, inert at one moment, and to be as quick as lightning the next, is more readily acquired by a woman than by a man." Here is a statement that no sensible person would dream of disputing. And it applies to the mental even more than to the physical endowment of women. Every woman understands instinctively the art of conversational jiu-jitsu. I hope I shall not be misunderstood when I say that it is the old story of the cat and the mouse. The man is allowed to talk and talk until he has flattered himself into a condition of smiling unwariness. Then, like a flash, down comes the paw. He may feel the tips of the claws only, for it is too soon to kill. But he will roll over mauled, shorn of his dignity, humiliated, bruised. The poor fellow is vastly surprised, of course, but the sudden throw teaches him nothing. The male mind is rarely supple enough to master the art of conversational jiu-jitsu.

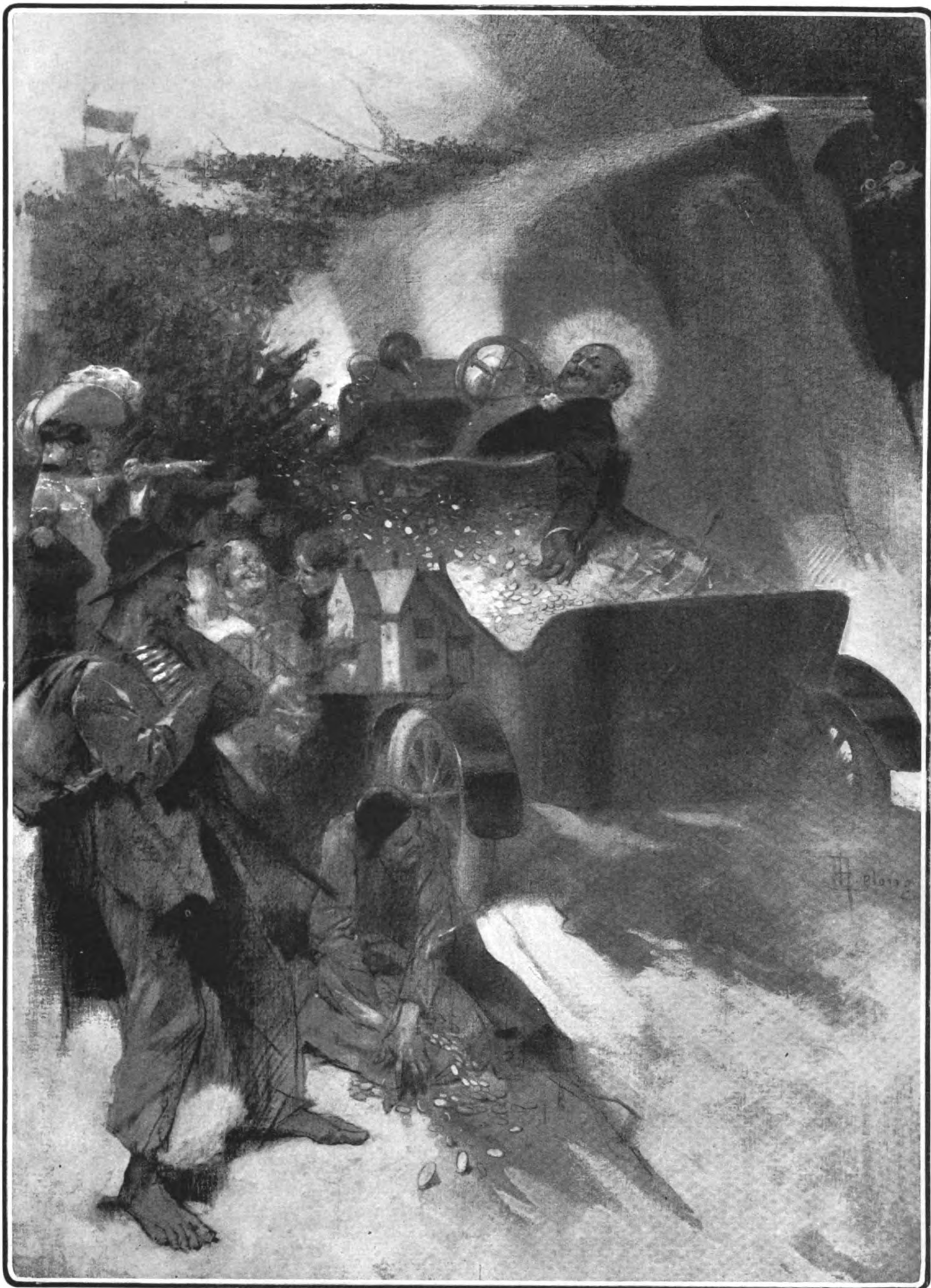
By KEBLE HOWARD. ("Chicot.")

It will be tremendously interesting to see whether women become equally expert in the physical side of the science. If they do, of course society will be revolutionised. Up to the present, man has been able to hold what little he does hold by brute force. He keeps the key of the treasure-chest in his pocket, and woman, unless she waits until he is fast asleep, cannot take it from him. He may be vilely in the wrong, but in an extremity he can always brandish a clenched fist. In theory, too, he is useful as a protection against burglars, or, among the "lower orders," to dig up potatoes. The woman who becomes a perfect jiu-jitsuist, however, will promptly appropriate her husband's keys, laugh at his clenched fist, and pinion the midnight intruder to the leg of the piano. By the way, though, I suppose the story of "Leah Kleschna" will be verified in actual life, and burgling come to be looked upon as a simple, lucrative profession for women. I don't think women will care to take up police-work: men will always be good enough for that. But I'm sure they will go into the Army, and the Universities, naturally enough, will be full of them. Well, well! If only they show themselves as chivalrous and tender-hearted as the average man, they will meet with little opposition if they do take it into their heads to become the breadwinners.

I have a gentle reproof to-day for the Countess of Jersey. I have never reproved her before, so far as I can remember; and I trust, therefore, that she will take it in good part. Writing in the *Nineteenth Century*, her Ladyship has stated that "the result of inquiries made some years ago went to prove that thousands of children did not know how to play." Now, from the nursery point of view, this is a very dangerous thing to say, for it may lead to an increase of that foolish custom on the part of grown-ups of trying to improve and elaborate children's games. Children hate to be shown how to build brick houses, and how to make a toy train run all round the room, and how to seat a doll in the most natural posture. A rickety hovel built with one's own hands is infinitely more engrossing than the splendid mansion that Uncle Dick can put up. Besides, when Uncle Dick gets hold of your toys you never know when he will tire of them. He sprawls on the floor and makes a show of being awfully kind, and all the rest of it, whereas it is perfectly obvious to any child of ordinary observation that he is merely making an excuse to stay and flirt with the pretty nursery-governess. Hang his airs of condescension! It isn't as though he was so fearfully clever at playing his own games; at any rate, he seems to spend most of his time explaining himself out of mistakes.

Look here! About this "Christian Names Competition." I want to tell you that I never had anything to do with getting up a competition before, and that's why I did it so badly. I am told, in several places, that I ought to have stated some date for the closing of the lists, and made it quite clear that my decision should be final. Well, I do so now. No names will be considered that reach me later than to-morrow (Thursday) morning, and the list that I myself select will win the tiny prize. I shall not publish the list, because, if I did, some of those other chaps would get hold of it and bag a lot of my best names. But I propose to publish the name and address of the winner, so that you can prove for yourselves that there is no hanky-panky about the business. In the meantime, if you could see the fearful pile of letters and papers that I must go through with the utmost care before the next number of *The Sketch* is published, I think you would admit that I have earned the right to use any of the names submitted, whether contained in the winning list or not. Anyway, that is my fixed intention.

THE GOLDEN ROAD TO RUIN: AN ALLEGORY.



A FRENCH WHITAKER WRIGHT AS IMAGINED BY A FRENCH ARTIST.

The French artist sees the Whitaker Wright of his country, a purse-proud man, so intent on squeezing money from the poor that he drives on, heedless of the abyss before him, and the fate of his many predecessors.

THE CLUBMAN.

*Cuba's "Ireland"—The Great "No Trump" Question—Low Points—
The Bishop's Lecture—Some American Clubs.*

CUBA seems to have found its Ireland in the Isle of Pines, for that little Cuban possession has been developing, and has been disturbing the quietude of the bigger island by trying experiments in government. It has now declared itself American territory; but America does not seem at all anxious to include this very small star in its constellation, and has as good as told Cuba that it will not interfere if that island chooses to box the ears of its infant sister. This peaceful revolution and adherence to a country which wants no more territory should supply the American farce-writers with some splendid plots for plays. Mr. William Collier as a Cuban who wants to be an American but is forced to remain a Cuban would be very amusing.

The question of whether a "no trump" hand should be played by "Dummy" instead of his cards being laid on the table is being tried by the jury of newspapers; but it is really a case of Club law—no joke intended; and the rules of Bridge as laid down by the Turf and Portland Clubs are the rules adhered to by the Bridge-playing world. Personally, as a very bad Bridge-player, I should be sorry to see "Dummy" forced to play his cards under any circumstances. The period during which all my responsibility in the game ceases, when I am able to get up from the table and walk about the room, is the only period during a game of Bridge that I enjoy.

If that rather pathetic advertisement in the *Morning Post*—the one put in by a young girl who promises never to play Bridge for money again if her debts are paid—and if the attempts which are being made in various quarters to bring down the points played in country houses have any effect, a really good deed will have been done, a better one than forcing Dummy to hold up his hand. In a Club no pressure can be put on a man to play if the points are higher than he likes. A man must be a very poor thing if he cannot say "No" to a man. But if one's hostess asks one to fill up a gap at a table where high points are being played and meets a refusal by saying that the game must then fall through, a man or woman must be more strong-minded than most of us are to persist in a refusal.

There is a very good and lovable Bishop who once elected to lecture the young ladies of his flock on various mundane matters, and one of these was the evil of playing high points at Bridge, and thereby spending their pin-money foolishly. Now the young ladies were all of the very smartest set, and all knew a good deal about Bridge, which the worthy and beloved Bishop

evidently did not. He told them that they should play nothing higher than half-a-crown points. What, no doubt, the Bishop meant was that they should not play more than half-a-crown a hundred points; but quite unwittingly he was urging them on to gamble in very high figures.

The Winter Club, which is quite the newest departure in Clubland, and which is to come into being this month, has in its conception an idea which is new in England, but which has been tried with success in America. There are one or two cities there, notably Chicago, which have great indoor pleasure-grounds for the playing of outdoor games.



THE FIRST SAFETY BICYCLE: SHERGOLD'S CURIOUS MACHINE, EXHIBITED AT THE RECENT STANLEY SHOW.

The Shergold safety bicycle was constructed in the eighteen-seventies. To operate its brake, the rider had to twist his handle-bars round. The thickness of its chain is also noteworthy.

quities: the flags its yachts used to fly when they sailed under the ægis of the old Duke of Cumberland, some very good pictures, and quite a fine assortment of old badges and buttons and such-like curiosities, but its collection cannot compare with that of the New York Club. The library of the New York Yacht Club is rapidly becoming a splendid one, for every rare book bearing in any way on sailing or on yacht-racing which comes into the English market is bid for by its agents.

Another New York Club to which I know no parallel in London is the Riding Club, which is by no means an easy

Club to join. Many of the members keep their horses at the Club, and on days when in London even the devoted "liver" brigade would send their horses back again to the stables the members of the New York Club go for their ride under cover. The busy City men who belong to this Club often take their exercise in the evening. A band plays and members form little societies to practise musical rides. There is luxurious accommodation for the lookers-on, and the Club is a sort of glorified riding-school, with the Society element very strongly in evidence. "A light dinner and an hour on the back of a horse, instead of a sleep in an arm-chair," would be a constant order of the doctor to his aristocratic patients if we had a parallel to the Riding Club in London. Perhaps, if the Winter Club proves a success, we

shall try some other of the American "notions." Buda-Pesth, by the way, has adopted the Winter Club idea, and the Hungarians have taken keenly to it.



A CLUB FOR WOMEN THAT HAS BEEN PATRONISED BY A BISHOP: THE LYCEUM CLUB, AT WHICH THE BISHOP OF LONDON WAS ENTERTAINED TO LUNCHEON THE OTHER DAY.

Bishop Ingram was entertained to luncheon at the Lyceum the other day, and made a short speech in which he said that the idea of coming to the club amongst so many women made him rather afraid, but that his fear was dispelled by the friendliness with which he was met. Amongst the guests invited were Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Maude, Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft, Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Esmond, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. and Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, and Mr. Robert Hichens.

Photograph by Park.

THE A.D.C. PRODUCTIONS AT CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY



1. Mr. H. J. Norton as Julia and Mr. G. C. Kidd as Nat Sturge in "The Conversion of Nat Sturge." 2. Mr. H. G. E. Durnford as Archibald Rennick and Mr. L. W. Huntington as Susan in "The New Boy."
3. Mr. C. W. Lowther as Theodore de Brizac in "The New Boy."
4. Mr. M. C. Hawtrey as Mrs. Rennick and Mr. G. B. Tatham as Dr. Candy 5. Mr. G. E. Hubbard as Nancy Roach and Mr. R. S. Durnford as Felix Roach in "The New Boy."

The Cambridge A.D.C. produced "The New Boy" and "The Conversion of Nat Sturge" on the 22nd, 23rd, 24th, and 25th of last month. The acting was quite up to the usual standard.

Photographs by Stearn.

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At 8.30 Mr. HAROLD MONTAGUE. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2.30.

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Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full
name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches
of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on
each photograph or drawing.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.
PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

SOME GENERAL NOTES.

The fifteenth anniversary dinner of the Eccentric Club, held at the
Hotel Cecil on Nov. 26, with Mr. George Ashton, well known as
Concert and Theatre Agent to the King, in the chair, proved a
particularly cheery function. It served also to introduce strangers to
the somewhat startling "Bow Bells" war-cry of the club. The dinner
was followed by an entertainment, to which a number of well-known
artists contributed, amongst those "programmed" to appear being
Miss Millie Legarde, Miss Mabel Love, the Brittons, Mr. Harrison
Brockbank, Mr. Horace Goldin, Mr. Courtice Pounds, Mr. George
Robey, Mr. Harry Tate, Mr. Bransby Williams, Mr. Sydney Valentine,
and Mr. Lewis Waller. The guests at the chairman's table included
Mr. Arthur Bouchier, Mr. Haddon Chambers, Mr. Lewis Waller, and
General Pitcairn Campbell.

For his new story for the *Strand Magazine*, which begins in the
Christmas Number, Sir Conan Doyle has abandoned Sherlock Holmes
and has returned to his "White Company" manner. The work,
indeed, has for its central figure Sir Nigel Loring, and although in
the new story that hero will be some years older than he was in the
days of "The White Company," it is promised that his career will be
every whit as fascinating. "Sir Nigel" should certainly do much to
enhance the popularity not only of its author, but of the famous
magazine in which it is appearing.

The second annual dinner of the Institute of Directors, which
was held at the Hotel Metropole the other day under the presi-
dency of Lord Avebury, yielded a particularly interesting and novel
menu. Under each division of the "bill of fare" and of the toast-
list came an appropriate quotation. Under the toast of "The Institute
of Directors," for instance, there appeared the lines, "Praise them
not too much, Nor blame them, for thou speakest to the Greeks,
Who know them"; while under "Nelusko ice-putting," there was
written, "The rose-lipp'd dawning is not so melting, so delicious."

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

JOHN LONG.
The Face of Juliet. L. T. Meade. 6s.
The Life Elysian. R. J. Lees. 6s.

METHUEN.
A Book for a Rainy Day. John Thomas
Smith. 12s. 6d.

BROWN, LANGHAM.
A Daughter of Thor. Helen Maxwell. 6s.

T. FISHER UNWIN.
"Please, M'm, the Butcher." Beatrice
Guarracino. 6s.

WILLIAM COLLINS.
Wuthering Heights. Emily Brontë. 7s.
Danesbury House. Mrs. Henry Wood. 7s.
The Last of the Barons. Lord Lytton. 7s.
The House of the Seven Gables. Nathaniel
Hawthorne. 7s.

Scenes of Clerical Life. George Eliot. 7s.
The Lost Chord. Clara Mulholland. 3s. 6d.
Barnaby Rudge. Charles Dickens.
The Temple of Fire. Lewis Ramsden.
Claws and Paws. Louis Wain.

THE CAXTON PRESS.
The Purloined Prince. Edgar Turner and
Reginald Hodder. 6s.

ELLIOT STOCK.
The Duke Enghien. F. S. Hollings. 3s. 6d.
CLARKSON AND GRIFFITHS.
Mrs. Gaskell and Knutsford. Rev. George
A. Payne. Second Edition. 2s. 6d.

MACMILLAN.
Recollections. William O'Brien, M.P. 14s.
LAWRENCE AND JELICOE.
Foster's Bridge in Brief. 1s.

GALL AND INGLIS.
Brave Men. Isabella C. Blackwood.
CHATTO AND WINDUS.
Life in Morocco. Budget Meakin. 12s. 6d.

HODDER AND STOUGHTON.
The Correspondence of Henrik Ibsen:
Translation. Edited by Mary Morison.
12s.

WILLIAM HEINEMANN.
Lights Out: A Play. 1s. 6d.

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Dec. 6, 1905.

Signature.....



SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE KING'S visit to Crichel, Lord Alington's beautiful place in Dorsetshire, recalls His Majesty's long intimacy with the first Peer, who, as Mr. Gerald Sturt, was one of the most popular sportsmen of the mid-Victorian era. His racing-colours, chocolate and yellow, seemed to bring luck to his friends, and no one ever received more hearty congratulations on his elevation to the Upper House. The

present owner of Crichel is a noted shot, and the King is enjoying the best of good sport over the famous Crichel preserves. Lady Alington, the King's hostess, was a sister of the late Lord Hardwicke, and it will be remembered that a Royal visit to Crichel was just about to take place when Lord Hardwicke's death placed Lord and Lady Alington in deep mourning. At the present moment, when all the world is talking of Mrs. Fitzherbert, it is interesting to recall that George IV. took Crichel and spent several summers there; also his only daughter, Princess Charlotte, was there for a while during her far from happy girlhood.

An Automobile Pilgrimage?

A luxurious motor-car must prove an excellent substitute for the shoes filled with dried peas used by pious pilgrims of old, and the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk are to be congratulated on their original way of travelling to Rome. They are going entirely by road, and their horseless carriage is admirably adapted to face the many steep gradients which lie between the Pyrenees and the Mecca of the Roman Catholic world. The Earl Marshal has always been especially fond of beautiful scenery and of the country, and during his term of office as Postmaster-General he often made up



AN ALLEGED PART OF "MONTE CARLO WELLS'S" STEAM TRAWLING AND FISHING SYNDICATE FLEET: THE "SHANKLIN" LYING IN DOCK AT BIRKENHEAD.

Some days ago, William Henry Davenport, better known as "Monte Carlo Wells," the subject of the song "The Man who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo," and Vyvyan Moyle, were charged with conspiracy to defraud in connection with the South and South-West Coast Steam-Trawling and Fishing Syndicate. On the first day of the prosecution, it was alleged that the fleet of the Fishing Syndicate consisted in the main of the steamship "Shanklin," an old wooden vessel which changed hands for £140, and another vessel, purchased for £180, and quite unseaworthy.

Photograph by Tunnecliffe.

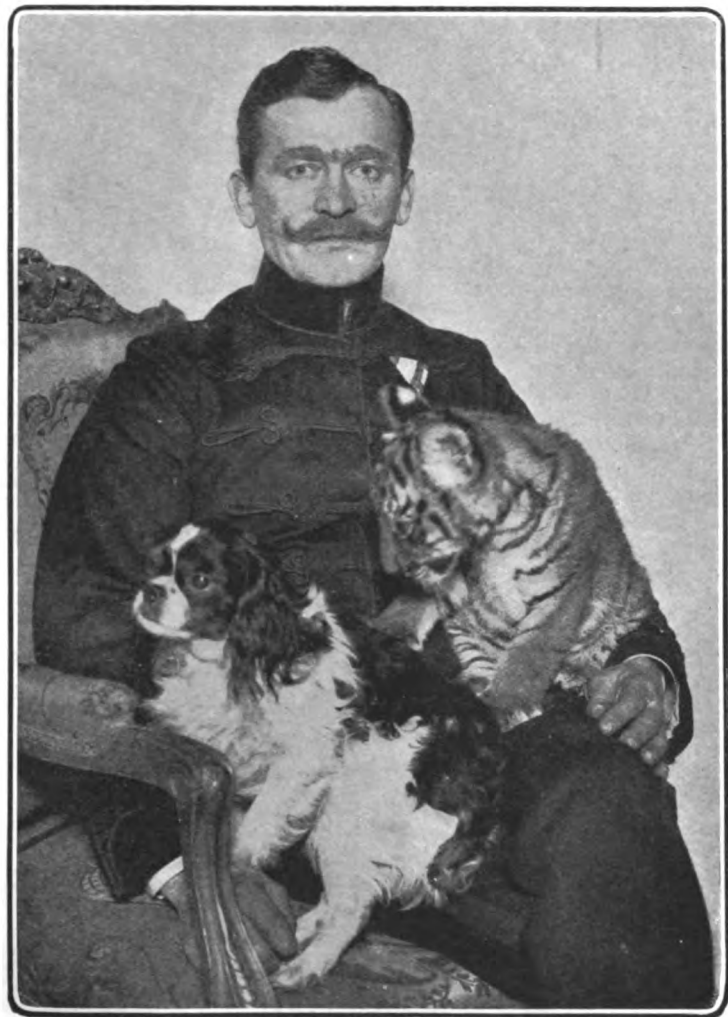
a riding-party with his sisters and other relations, and so traversed in one of the most agreeable fashions possible some of the loveliest stretches of English scenery.

Picturesque Uniforms.

One by one all the picturesque portions of the uniforms in the European armies are being improved out of existence. The Austro-Hungarian Minister of War has just issued an order that the helmets of the Dragoons and the shapkas of the Uhlans are to be replaced by lighter head-coverings. For active warfare there is no doubt that the old-fashioned helmets are too heavy, and in our Army they are always discarded for more suitable headgear when regiments are ordered to the Front. But the Austrians, whose uniforms are, as a rule, nowadays, very cheap and serviceable, are going further than we have gone, and are doing away with the old style altogether, even at home. Some of the Generals wished to equip the Army on the Prussian model, but to this the Emperor was most energetically opposed.

All the Gold in the World.

An official report of the United States Government gives the amount of gold and silver produced in all parts of the world last year. The total production in 1904 was seventy-two and a-quarter millions sterling. That of the United States was sixteen and three-quarter millions; that of the Transvaal, owing to the fact that the country had not recovered from the effects of the war, was sixteen and a-quarter millions; and that of Canada was nearly three and a-half millions. The total amount of gold produced all over the world in 1904 was more than four millions in excess of that mined in 1903, and it is calculated that the output of 1905 will be at least five millions in excess of that of last year, so that, at any rate, there is no need to fear a gold-famine for the present.



THE BABY TIGER NURSED BY THE QUEEN: HERR SAWADE, THE ANIMAL-TRAINER, THE CUB, AND A SPANIEL.

During her recent visit to the London Hippodrome, Her Majesty was shown the ten-weeks-old baby tiger of whom we give a photograph. Her Majesty took the little animal to her arms and petted it; but her kindness did not prevent it from entangling its claws in the lace of her dress, and it took some time to remove it. The cub has, as its cage-companions, a King Charles spaniel and a black-and-tan terrier.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

Chocolate—only one Brand.

Chocolate is the name of a well-known Paris clown. Hitherto it has not belonged to him alone. It has been shared by the keeper of a café in the Latin Quarter, and also by a very doleful-looking spaniel that haunted the restaurants in the neighbourhood of the Madeleine. As to the café-keeper, he has gone aloft, to the sorrow of the students, who can no longer borrow from him; and the spaniel has likewise departed—presumably for the bourne whence no dog returns. The deceased Chocolate was a strange beast, and was as mysterious in his comings and goings as "the man-with-the-umbrella," whose identity was the prize puzzle of Paris a few years back. He lived no one knew how, and slept no one knew where. Yet he reappeared at regular intervals in the places where they dine by the Madeleine. There he established quite a reputation. His society was sought by the guests. And Chocolate was never proud. He came when he was invited. It was quite customary for a grave and reverend seigneur of the Académie Française to seat himself at the board



THE CAVE OF ST. ROBERT THE HERMIT, SON OF SIR TOKE FLORIS, MAYOR OF YORK, AT KNARESBOROUGH. THE PLACE IN WHICH THE BODY OF EUGENE ARAM'S VICTIM WAS FOUND.

St. Robert, who was born in the eleventh century, chose the secluded spot here shown for his retirement from the world. The cave is 10 feet 6 in. long, 9 feet wide, and 7 feet high, and it was there that the body of Eugene Aram's victim was found. The figure carved on the face of the rock by the side of the door is intended to show a Knight Templar. The chapel is hollowed out of the rock, and its roof and altar are beautifully adorned in the Gothic style.

Photograph by W. H. Kuenster.

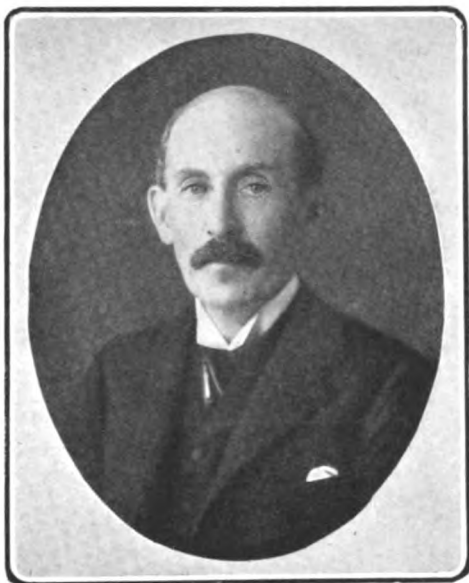
and say to the garçon, "Bring me a lamb-cutlet, and one for Chocolate." Well, well, he has gone, and the world is less "grateful and comforting." Only Chocolate, the clown, remains. And no one invites him to dinner; though they may borrow money from him.

Sir Arthur Nicolson. The diplomatist who is to succeed Sir Charles Hardinge as our Ambassador to Russia is, as his appointment to a

Nine Court Appointments. Her Majesty the Queen has now chosen her two new Maids-of-Honour. The young ladies honoured are, of course, both known to the Court world, the one being Miss Margaret Dawnay, a niece of Lord Downe, and daughter to a popular officer, and the other Miss Blanche Lascelles, niece of Lord Harewood, and daughter of the Hon. F. Canning Lascelles, who retired from the Navy some time ago. Yet another Court appointment which has aroused interest is that of Lady Lansdowne to be Lady of the Bedchamber in place of the Dowager Countess of Lytton, who has resigned her position in the Queen's Household.

only natural to suppose that the Prince changed his name to Haakon simply out of deference to the wishes of his new subjects. But it so happens that Haakon is the old Norwegian form of the German Hagen, which is nothing more nor less than Charles for the rest of Europe. The Prince, therefore, has merely adopted the Norwegian form of his own name.

"The Queen's Christmas Carol." The distinguished writers and artists who, headed by Mr. George Meredith, are doing their best to make the gift volume, "The Queen's Christmas Carol," a success, are to be congratulated. Such a book published at this time of year may well add thousands of pounds to Her Majesty's Fund for the Unemployed, and the names of the contributors show how catholic is the taste of the anonymous editors. Alfred Austin to Albert Chevalier, Sarah Grand to Marie Corelli, Mr. Swinburne to the Bishop of London—thus will all tastes be catered for, and the orthodox and "other doxies" be equally well provided for in the prettily named "Queen's Christmas Carol."



THE NEW BRITISH AMBASSADOR FOR ST. PETERSBURG: SIR ARTHUR NICOLSON.

Photograph by Amy Casals.

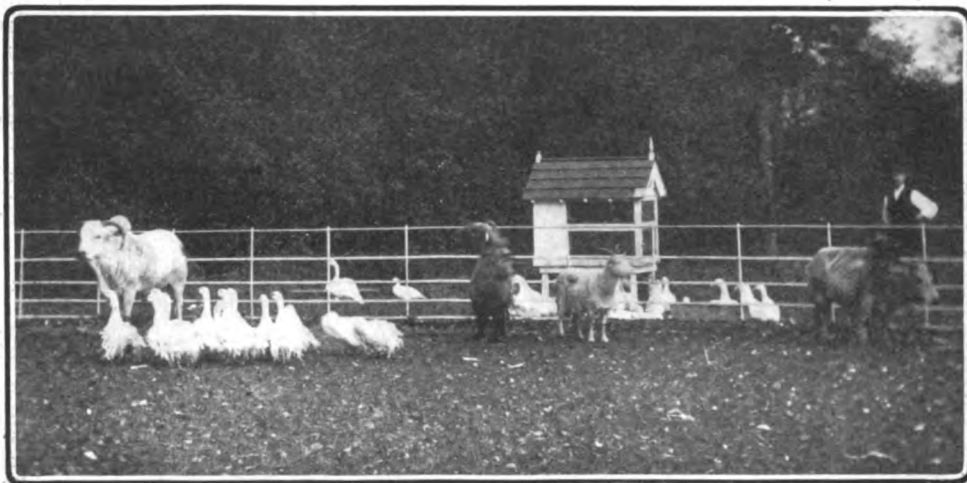
post of danger and honour implies, a man of remarkable gifts. In appearance he is a typical Englishman, lithe, active, a fine horseman, and still, in spite of his fifty-four years of life, a player of games. Unlike his predecessor, Sir Arthur has been "through the mill." He has seen diplomacy as practised in the East and the West, as far as Teheran and as near as Madrid, and everywhere he won the good opinion of those concerned with the statecraft of the world.

Haakon VII. There has been a good deal of speculation as to the meaning of the name taken by the new King of Norway. It is well known that His Majesty was called Prince Charles of Denmark before his accession, and also that his uncle, the King of Greece, changed his name from William to George when he became King, so it was



MR. JULIAN L'ESTRANGE, WHO HAS JUST MARRIED MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER.

Photo. by Ellis and Walery. (See "Heard in the Green-Room.")



A UNIQUE FEATURE OF LORD ALINGTON'S COUNTRY SEAT, CRICHEL, WIMBORNE, DORSET, NOW BEING VISITED BY THE KING: THE FAMOUS ALBINO FARM.

The White Farm is one of the best known features of Lord Alington's country home, and there are comprised in it a number of rare Albino birds and beasts, as well as examples of many of those common in this country.

Photograph by Pottle.

The Kaiser's Silver Wedding. On Feb. 27 next the Kaiser will celebrate his Silver Wedding with the Empress Victoria Augusta, daughter of the late Duke Frederic of Schleswig-Holstein. There is only one Sovereign in Europe who has celebrated his Golden Wedding, and that is the King of Denmark. Had it not been for the terrible tragedy on the shores of the Lake of Geneva, the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria would have had his golden wedding last year, as he married the late Empress Elizabeth on April 24th, 1854.



MISS GLADYS VAUGHAN MORGAN, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. H. COBHAM ON DECEMBER 11th.

Photograph by Annie Bell.

This Week's Weddings. This week establishes a record in the matter of important marriages. Yesterday (5th), Countess Valda Gleichen became Lady Victoria Machell—for such henceforth, by the King's wish, is to be her style and title. Captain Machell has a most important post in the Egyptian Government, and his bride is, of course, a great-niece of our late Sovereign; accordingly, it is quite right and proper that the wedding should have taken place in the Chapel Royal. To-day, Lord Willoughby de Eresby and Miss Eloise Breese will receive congratulations from an exceptionally large circle, for the bridegroom is one of the most noted sportsmen among "elder sons," and Miss Breese has been since her début one of the most popular girls both in the country and in the London worlds, for she is a beautiful dancer and an exceptionally good horse-woman. It is an interesting fact that this marriage bestows one of the oldest of British titles on an American, for the barony of Willoughby de Eresby was created in 1313. Tomorrow, Royal guests will grace the marriage of Lord Lewisham and Lady Ruby Carrington; through her mother,

Two New Engagements. An interesting engagement is that of Lord George Seymour, the youngest son of Lord and Lady Hertford, and a distinguished naval officer, to Miss Norah Skipwith, the only daughter of the late Mr. A. T. Skipwith and of Mrs. Reginald Toogood. Lord George is, of course, a brother of Lord Yarmouth, whose marriage to Miss Thaw added yet another great American heiress to the British Peerage. Next week (Dec. 11), Miss Gladys Vaughan Morgan, a niece of the new Lord Mayor, will be married to Mr. H. Cobham.

the grounds of St. James's Palace. It will be remembered that the late Count Gleichen—for he gave up his Royal title on his marriage to Miss Laura Seymour—was a very fine artist, and many of his statues were highly paid commissions.

Fair Politicians. Many years have gone by since someone wrote a clever skit, beginning "Where are you going to, my pretty maid?" "I'm going a-cavassing, sir," she said"; but, doubtless, the lines will soon be revived and sung with great *éclat*. Thanks to the efforts of the



MR. H. COBHAM, WHO IS TO MARRY MISS GLADYS VAUGHAN MORGAN ON DECEMBER 11th.

Photograph by Annie Bell.

Primrose League and the Women's Liberal Federation, fair politicians are being pressed to join the fray, and a series of amusing lectures has lately been given to the *crème de la crème* by well recognised authorities in order that the new generation of women may know how to catch votes. Lord Beaconsfield used to declare that political canvassers were born, not made; and one cannot help suspecting that he was right. But to the Primrose League belongs the credit of having discovered that political canvassing is a natural feminine accomplishment.

M.C.'s in Council. The dancing-masters have been holding a conference in Paris. They have decreed that the really nice Frenchman—the "parfait gentleman"—does not wear his frock-coat when he is going to be married, but his evening-dress. There are certain barbarians in "la Ville Lumière" who have been endeavouring to oust the "habit noir" in favour of the "redingote." Happily, no one explained to the choregraphists that in the land where the men are supposed to know how to dress they *do* wear the frock at the fatal moment of their



AN INTERESTING WORK AT THE SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS' EXHIBITION: MRS. GERTRUDE MASSEY'S PANEL- PORTRAIT OF MR. WALTER HILL, AT THE NEW GALLERY.

Mrs. Massey is not a member of the Society of Portrait Painters, and is, therefore, all the more honoured by the fact that three of her works are now on exhibition at the New Gallery.

the future Countess of Dartmouth is a granddaughter of Lord and Lady Suffield, and so connected with several members of their Majesties' Household.

A Delightful Wedding-Gift. The most charming of Countess Valda's wedding-gifts is to be a portrait of her sister, the gifted Countess Feodore, painted by Sir Philip Burne-Jones, the son of the great artist. The painting will show the Royal sculptress actually engaged in modelling, and standing in her pretty studio in

appearance before the altar. Such a revelation would have endangered the *entente*, and have seemed ungracious, especially after the voting of an address to His Majesty Edward VII. for his patronage of a new dance. But our worthy M.C.'s went farther than the mere wedding ceremony. No one is really properly married unless there is a dance to follow, they seemed to say, protesting against the modern custom of fleeing towards the honeymoon on the conclusion of the breakfast.



LORD GEORGE SEYMOUR, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MISS NORAH SKIPWITH.

Photograph by Langley.



MISS NORAH SKIPWITH, WHO IS ENGAGED TO LORD GEORGE SEYMOUR.

Photograph by Langley.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"—THE STAGE SOCIETY—THE IRISH PLAYS—
"MAJOR BARBARA."

THERE is something very restful in the thought of the Adelphi revival of Shakspeare's play after the debauch of more or less unconventional modern pieces given between Friday and Wednesday. That the present production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" will be popular seems certain, even though the admiration of some critics is grudging. Its prettiness is of the kind loved by the public, the clowning is clever if extravagant, and the dramatic scenes of criss-cross comedy are played with uncommon energy. Miss Lily Brayton and Miss Frances Dillon present Hermia and Helena quite charmingly, and put remarkable fire into the quarrelling scene, and both appear to appreciate the music of the verse. Puck seems an almost impossible part, though I have a recollection of poor Rose Norreys in the character, who, if memory does not cheat, managed to give a touch of poetry to the imp: Miss Beatrice Ferrar, who greatly amused the house by her nimbleness and vitality, missed the touch. Oberon, this time presented by a man, Mr. Hampden, was a little too human and emphatic, but his delivery of some passages was very agreeable. Fairy queens ought to deliver fine poetry musically, and so one cannot quite accept Miss Rosy Barton: prettiness and grace of movement are not sufficient for the task. The players in "Pyramus and Thisbe" acted rather for the laughter due to the absolutely comic than to the humour of apparently sober yet absurd efforts, but they certainly got abundance of applause. Mr. Oscar Asche gave a somewhat new turn to the Weaver by his suggestion of youthfulness and good-nature, which proved effective; the Quince of Mr. Lyall Swete had a very droll air of melancholy, and he kept closer to art than did his quaint companions, Messrs. Rock, Kitts, and Grimwood, all very funny in their way, if not exactly in Shakspeare's way. Miss Parkina's brilliant singing of the early nineteenth-century songs of Cooke and Horn was the most successful element in the entertainment, and few people care whether the setting of the songs is congruous with Mendelssohn's lovely music or not. The mounting of the play has in a high measure the obvious prettiness in which our people delight.

The Stage Society, for once, has drawn something rather like a blank. There is crude ability in Mrs. Merrick's pathetic little play, "Jimmy's Mother," concerning the Peculiar People, a doctor, and a sick child, and it was hard to refuse tears; but the feeling asserts itself that such a cruel subject could only be justified by the supreme touch of art that was lacking. Yet, big as the phrase may seem, there was something like the supreme touch in the acting of Miss Gertrude Burnett as the frenzied mother, and even a writer economical in the use of big adjectives may say that she gave a great performance. "Dodo," I fear, is already extinct. Mr. Benson's effort to adapt his successful novel shows cleverness in writing, but little apparent gift for the stage. At times he almost succeeded in getting Dodo really on her feet as a lively character new to the stage, but during most of the play she seemed irritating and improbable, and one was unable to understand how she came to be irresistible to the other persons of the play, who, before being fascinated, would have had to overcome a feeling of distaste caused by her vulgarity. A good deal of the dialogue is clever, and some of the aspects of character were skilfully indicated.

The play was by no means unamusing, though one got tired of the comic lovers, a pair of rather out-of-date "smart" noodles, quite cleverly presented by Miss Margaret Bussé and Mr. Lawrence Grant—we hardly expected at the Stage Society to see several scenes of comic business connected with drinking tea and eating cake. Miss Sarah Brooke, if a little overweighted by the part of Dodo, certainly acted very cleverly, and at times even brilliantly.

The visit this year of the Irish National Theatre has been a little disappointing. No progress is shown, and the deliberate attempts to be early dramatists have an air of affectation.

The performances are almost dependent on the acting of the two Messrs. Fay, players of very considerable talent; and less than justice was done to several plays. "Baile's Strand" may be a fine poetical drama, and no doubt everyone connected with it was in earnest; yet it was hard to understand much that was said, and Mr. Fay was ill-chosen physically for the chief part, with the result that the play appeared a little comic. "The Building Fund," by Mr. W. Boyle, showed a fair amount of humour; and Lady Gregory's farce, "Spreading the News," is quite funny, if rather clumsy. "Kathleen ni Houlihan" is a work with a real poetic note that ought to have stirred us had the chief person been presented competently. On the whole, the group of ardent workers under the banner of Mr. W. B. Yeats remain rather too long in the promising stage.

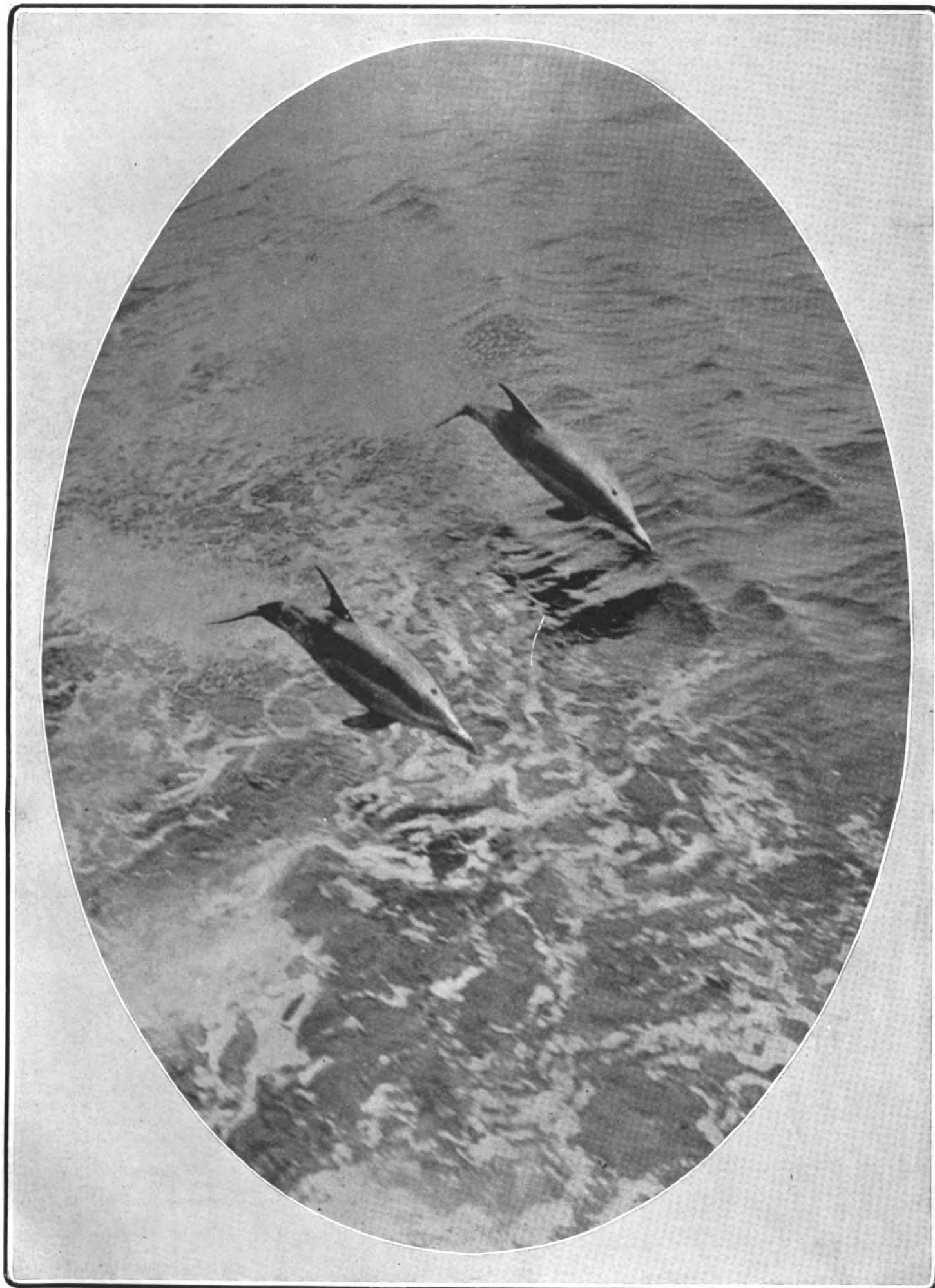
"Major Barbara" gives the idea that "G. B. S." feels he has mastered the public and can now use the stage as a mere platform; during nearly half the piece the characters are uttering what seem like scraps from pamphlets, and the play, if any, stands still. The pamphlets are very clever and amusing, and the questions are discussed from different points of view. Indeed, Mr. Shaw provides a battery of arguments *pro* and *con*. on many burning topics. Except in a few scenes, the character-painting which distinguished "John Bull's Other Island" is hardly to be found in "Major Barbara," whilst the sense of form with which "Man and Superman" has been almost reproached is entirely lacking. What do such things matter so long as we are amused—and we were till about 5.15, and then, with bewildered brains and aching heads, we sat wondering and admiring, yet longing for the "and now" to a series of long, paradoxical speeches. I suppose Mr. Shaw will refuse to have any cuts made, and so may almost nullify the effect of some brilliant writing and acting. "Major Barbara" herself, delightfully acted by Miss Annie Russell, is a quite charming creature, and the Salvation Army scenes are full of humour and pathos. The cannon-founder is an able creation, admirably handled by Mr. Louis Calvert. The picture of Charlie, the well-dressed noodle, was rendered very amusingly by Mr. Milward. The Professor of Greek with a mania for collecting religions, even when presented with great skill by Mr. Granville Barker, seemed utterly non-human, but was rather diverting. Mr. Oswald Yorke made quite a hit in more senses than one as a ruffian. Miss Filippi, if not less skilful, was less successful than she is usually; Mr. Laceby and Miss Greet acted cleverly. Altogether it is a capital entertainment, and the impatient can skip the last twenty minutes without fatal loss.



"MAJOR BARBARA," AT THE COURT: MISS ANNIE RUSSELL (MRS. OSWALD YORKE) AS BARBARA UNDERSHAFT, AND MR. OSWALD YORKE AS BILL WALKER.

Photograph by E. H. Mills.

PORPOISES JUMPING—AN UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH.



AN EXTRAORDINARY SNAPSHOT OF "SEA-HOGS" AT PLAY.

Photograph by Brown Bros.



By E. A. B.

Marriages Not Made in Heaven.

Marriage must appear a great failure to the clergyman who has to sacrifice his living for conducting the marriage service when such service should not take place. The English minister who has just been banned for this offence may be thankful that his operations were conducted upon a more restricted scale than were those of a certain nobleman's son. He had not taken Orders, but none save himself knew this, and he went merrily to Paris, christening and marrying with the best of them. Suddenly he was discovered, and the couples he had joined together in wedlock cried out for indemnification. They had to pass a special Act of Parliament to legitimise the children born of those marriages.

Rights from Wrongs.

The unmasking of that young gentleman came about in a curious manner; he was detected by a fellow-countryman whom he had known in London, to whose ears came the news that the pseudo-clergyman was raising a self-sustentation fund, ostensibly that he might buy himself a robe of silk in which the more fittingly to perform his spiritual office. He must have taken a leaf out of the book of an Italian servant of the Brownings. They noticed that their tea disappeared with phenomenal rapidity, and traced the matter home to their maid. But they bore their loss with fortitude until there came a run on the candles. This was more than they could tolerate, and the girl was arraigned in the family drawing-room. She pleaded guilty to both counts. The tea she took for her own comfort. The candles she requisitioned to burn before a tiny shrine in expiation of her sin in stealing the tea.

Experts on the Bench.

Judge Adams has occasioned some surprise by giving an illustration on the Bench of the way in which to pick up a handkerchief without bending the knees. It is not often that a Judge "learned in the law" is so condescending, but there is one case on record where a judicial illustration had important results. Chief Justice Jervis had before him a gang of blacklegs charged with having plucked a wealthy "pigeon." The case turned largely upon a particular pack of cards which the men had used, but against which neither counsel nor the detectives could say anything—the cards looked so fair and honest. In his summing-up the Judge startled the whole Court. "I will engage to tell you," he said, "without looking at the faces, the value of every card in this pack." Then he showed that on the backs, which were figured with wreaths and flowers in dotted lines all over, there was a small flower in the right-hand corner of each. The number of dots in this flower was the same in all the kings, the same for each knave, and so on. The difference was so slight and the flowers so many that none but those who had made a study of the cards could distinguish it. But the man who did know could tell, from a glance at the designs, every card held in the hands of the others engaged in the game.

A Light that Failed.

Friends of Norway have all been interested this week in the annual dinner of the Norwegian Club, over which Mr. Justice Kennedy presided. Among the guests were not a few who may have envied our Ambassador to the new Court. Well, as we all know, there are two sides even to an Ambassador's life. Of the pomp and dignity the world knows; behind it all there is much that the world does not see. King Edward was once witness of the tragedy overmuch responsibility may bring. The German Ambassador in Rome staggered into the room where the King and the late German Empress were seated with others at dinner. He was in his slippers and dressing-gown. "How long is this to go on?" he gasped. "I am heartily sick of it all, and it must end at once." The Empress fainted, and the whole company was thrown into distress and alarm. They carried the Ambassador to an Asylum next day, a hopeless maniac.

The Happy Accident.

The Linnæan Society, whose meeting takes place to-morrow, owes its successful career to a curious accident. In days when it was popular to breakfast out, Sir John Smith took his matutinal meal with the great Sir Joseph Banks. The latter told him that he had just received the offer of the memoranda and botanical collections of Linnæus for a thousand pounds, and that he had refused to pay the price. Smith persuaded his father into advancing the money, and all went well until Gustavus III., returning from France to Sweden, heard with great displeasure of the sale. He was too late to stop it; the ship with the treasures had already sailed. The King sent a war-vessel to intercept the fugitive in the Sound. It was in vain; the collections came safely to London, packed in six-and-twenty cases, and remained in the possession of Smith until his death, when they were bought by the Linnæan Society.

A Sermon by Queen Victoria.

Perhaps not all who have been interesting themselves lately in backing up the efforts of the Society for the Sunday closing of public-houses may remember that Queen Victoria once published a sermon in the *London Gazette* upon something like the same lines. Its object was "the encouragement of piety and virtue, and the preventing of vice, profaneness, and immorality, and such practices as may justly bring down Divine vengeance on our kingdom." And it set forth how those should be pursued with the utmost rigour of the law who played on the Lord's Day at cards, dice, or any other game whatsoever, whether in private or public; and commanded all faithful subjects to attend Divine worship

on the Lord's Day. Furthermore, it expressed the determination of the Queen to reform those persons who "by reason of their dissolute lives and conversations" were a scandal to her youthful Majesty's kingdom.



AN AMUSING CHANGE IN A PUBLIC-HOUSE SIGN: "THE OLD FOX WITH HIS TEETH DRAWN," FORMERLY "THE OLD FOX."

The inn here illustrated is situated at Bricket Wood, Hertfordshire, and when it had the usual licence was known as "The Old Fox." Some little while ago, the Hon. A. Holland Hibbert, a son-in-law of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, and a well-known temperance reformer, purchased the property, turned it into a temperance house, and changed its name into "The Old Fox with his Teeth Drawn."



GIVING THE RUSTICS OPPORTUNITY TO "SIT ON" CHAMBERLAIN: THE CHAMPION OF PROTECTION AS A ROUNDABOUT HORSE.

The latest roundabout has Centaur-like steeds bearing the heads of famous men. It is ingeniously pointed out that Mr. Chamberlain in particular pleases both his enemies and his friends, for, while the former delight in "sitting upon him," the latter are proud to ride on his back.

"MR. POPPLE—OF IPPLETON," AT THE APOLLO.



1. Norman Popple (Mr. Kenneth Douglas) finds himself between several fires, and is teased by La Bolero (Miss Ethel Irving) and a bevy of ladies from the Charity Theatre.

Norman: "Bolero, you are cruel to me. I'd rather be left in Russia with a pack of wolves than be left with —"

2. "The Scarlet Runners."

3. La Bolero's maid, Louise (Miss Coralie Blythe), and Freddy Popple's man, Platt (Mr. Lionel Victor), indulge in bold and somewhat horsey flirtation.

Platt: "Hold 'em up."

Louise: "Oh, stop it, Mr. Platt!"

4. Norman Popple proposes to La Bolero.

La Bolero: "Do you know you are holding my hand?"

Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.

"MR. POPPLE—OF IPPLETON," AT THE APOLLO.



MR. G. P. HUNTLEY AS FREDDY POPPLE—OF IPPLETON, ON A BRANCH LINE.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

"MR. POPPLE—OF IPPLETON," AT THE APOLLO.

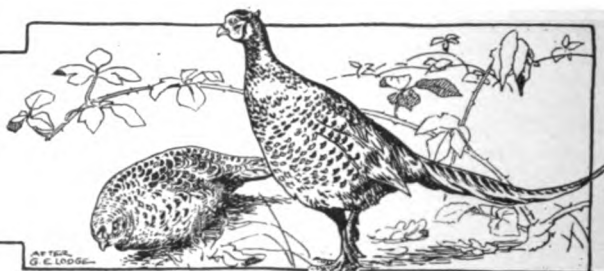


MISS ETHEL IRVING AS LA BOLERO.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



WEEK-END PAPERS



By S. L. BENSUSAN.

The Kite as an Aid to the Partridge-Shot.

"I never was in a better place or humour than I am at present. . . . I have a partridge getting ready for my supper, my fire is blazing on the hearth, the air is mild for the season of the year." So wrote William Hazlitt from Winterslow Hut rather more than eighty years ago, and this evening I find myself realising his mood just as I would wish to. For me also a partridge cooks and a fire

great pace even against the wind, and, if you shoot straight at them, their winter dress, now fully developed, will act as armour; but it is hard to lose a bird that has been well shot. The great objection against morning flight-shooting is that the birds generally come in before it is light enough to see them, and they do not arrive regularly.

Studying the Birds' Route.

Perhaps the best results are obtained by the fowler who studies the paths that birds follow on their way to and from their feeding-grounds. Some few years ago, in the North of England I found the line of the wild duck, and observed that when the wind was in a certain quarter and the weather was very severe they would pass well within shot of a stone dyke that offered good cover. It was nearly three miles from the place I was staying at, and in order to secure a shot it was often necessary to leave before daybreak; but the chances were easy, and two of us were able to take toll of passing birds on three separate occasions before they realised that their route was not a safe one and changed it altogether.

Wild Wood-Pigeons, and a Decoy.

Very wild wood-pigeons hailing from overseas are on the land now in great flocks, and it is good sport to await their home-coming by the edge of some plantation. For the purpose of arresting their pace a little, I tried an experiment the other afternoon, having two stuffed wood-pigeons placed on the high branches of a poplar-tree. Pigeons are very keen-eyed: they can see danger a long way off, but they know nothing about stuffed birds, and the experiment was successful until one of the dummies, being insecurely fastened, slipped and stood upside down. After that no pigeons came to the plantation. These birds seem to have their flying time almost as clearly defined as wild-fowl, but their pace is considerably greater and they have no objection to flying down wind. You can get a shot or two at a little company coming to a plantation, and within five minutes another group will



THE FRETFUL PORCUPINE MAKING A RUSH WITH QUILLS RAISED.
Stereograph copyrighted by Underwood and Underwood, London and New York.

blazes cheerfully; the air is mild, though the wind is rising from the north-east, to the great content of wild-fowlers. I have stolen a couple of days from town to try some decoy pigeons, to attend the Hunt's first meeting in this district, and to endeavour to bring some partridges to the gun by the aid of a kite. In parts of the country where driving is difficult and cover is scanty, a kite made of brown silk and shaped like a huge bird of prey will often serve to keep partridges lying low until it is possible to come to them on fair terms. Experts keep kites of various colours and sizes, and will discourse learnedly about the wind and the sun while they make their choice; but I find that any size or colour will serve fairly well. If wind and weather combine to forbid the use, one must needs wait for snow or fog. Partridges seek the hedgerows when the snow comes, and may be put up quite easily by dogs, while in the fog they seem to lose their bearings altogether.

Reynard's Catering, and a Word about Flight-Shooting.

The Hunt came down, drew two good covers blank, and rode away in a bad temper. Some remarks, not entirely complimentary to shooting-men, were distinctly audible. On account of these comments, which, by the way, were not addressed to me, I refrained from telling the Master that he need go no farther than the bed of the river to find at least one fox. Coming up from an attempt at flight-shooting the other morning, I had marked through my field-glass Reynard's return to a haunt in the osier-bed. He had a singularly draggled and downcast appearance, as though he recognised that November was on the wane and the hounds would soon be singing on his line. I suppose he sought the riverside in order to fish; he is very fond of water-rats, and does not despise frogs and other small deer. Moreover, he quite recognises the good services rendered by shore shooters who go out for the evening flight and often lose a cripple or two on the mud. When they have gone home and silence reigns supreme, Reynard seeks the shore and retrieves on his own account. I have often thought that flight-shooting should be carried on before sunrise rather than at sunset. In the former case you can retrieve birds in an improving light; in the latter the chances are that some will get away. Flight-shooting is difficult and uncertain at the best of times, for all ducks can go at a

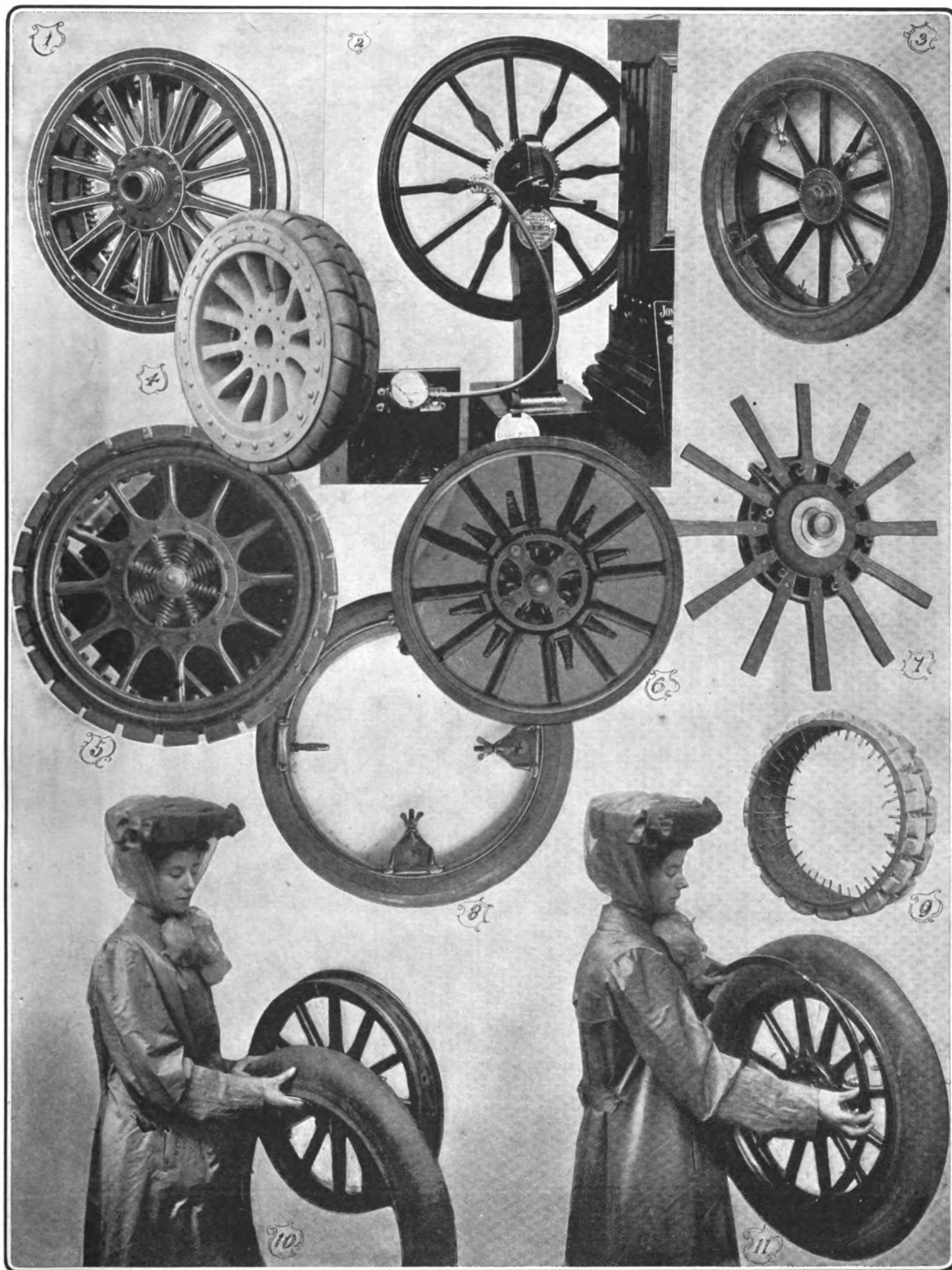


THE ANIMAL ARCHITECT AT HOME: A BEAVER LEAVING HIS BURROW AFTER HAVING AVOIDED THE CAMERA FOR TWO HOURS.
Stereograph copyrighted by Underwood and Underwood, London and New York.

arrive. These have travelled from some place so far distant that the report of the guns could not be heard, and, if one or two guns are in a position that commands the approaches to a favoured sleeping-place, excellent results are obtainable when wind and weather favour. At times, when the field-glass has been chosen to replace the gun, I have noticed that wild pigeons, on reaching the trees they seek, choose the very highest branches for a short time, as though to survey the countryside. Then, when they are satisfied that all is well, they will flutter noisily down to some lower branch that may be supposed to offer better sleeping accommodation.

WHEELS WITHOUT WOE: THE PROBLEM OF PUNCTURE.

WHEELS AND A SPEEDOMETER.



1. The Stevenson Twin Omnibus-wheel, which collects less dirt than the ordinary wheel. Each rim has its own spokes.
2. Guarding against the wheel's energy: The Jones Speedometer-Odometer, one of the most perfect instruments yet invented for registering the speed and recording distances.
3. The Stepney Spare-wheel, a skeleton wheel without spokes, showing how it is attached to a punctured car-wheel.
4. The Dunlop Motor solid tyre arranged in sections, so that if a section becomes damaged or worn it can be removed and replaced with the greatest ease.
5. The Warley Patent Spring-wheel, which, it is calculated, will absorb vibration to an extraordinary extent, and which, it is said, responds actively to irregularities in the road's surface.

6. The Hallé Spring-wheel, which is both durable and shock-saving.
7. The Middleton Pneumatic Hub, showing how the spokes of the wheel rest upon the pneumatic portion of the hub, and thus reduce vibration to a minimum.
8. The Stepney Spare-wheel, showing the clamps, etc., by which it is fitted to the iron flange or bead of the punctured wheel of a car.
9. The Non-skid Le Français Tyre for heavy vehicles, any part of which can be removed and replaced at will.
10. The Moseley Rim, showing the tyre removed after it has been punctured.
11. Replacing the Moseley Rim after the tyre has been repaired. The wheel has one movable rim, held by a reverse threaded screw. By unscrewing this screw, one rim can be removed and the tyre can be readily slipped off the wheel.

Photographs by the Topical Press.

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN :

"MODERN" INVENTIONS ANTICIPATED FOUR OR FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.



1. A Mitrailleuse (generally supposed to have been invented in 1861) designed in 1350.
2. A Gatling Gun (also supposed to be a recent invention) designed in 1350.
3. A Quick-firing Gun in 1350.

4. A Diving-dress invented by Ritter Louis von Eybe (1500).
5. A Diving Bell (first used, it was thought, in 1538 and brought to the notice of Charles V. of Spain by two Greeks, and re-invented by William Phipps in 1683) designed in 1320.

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN:

"MODERN" INVENTIONS ANTICIPATED FOUR OR FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.



1. A Guillotine used as a head-remover in 1510.
2. A Magic Lantern of 1420, called "The Nocturnal Apparatus for Fearful Pictures," and used in war to throw weird shadows to frighten solitary sentinels from their posts.
3. A Mechanical Substitute for the Dachshund in 1500: A Spit worked by Warm Air.
4. A Lamp with a Glass Cylinder in 1500, the work of Leonardo da Vinci, proving that the great engineer anticipated the familiar modern oil-lamp.

5. A Parachute made by Leonardo da Vinci in 1514, of which the inventor wrote: "If anyone has an awning of linen 12 ells high, 212 broad, he can let himself down without fear of hurt from the greatest height"—an opinion occasionally disproved by the fate of the modern parachutist.
6. Crossing the Channel in the Fifteenth Century: A Paddle-wheel Boat in 1430.

HOUSEHOLD GODS.

IX.—MR. LEONARD BRASSEY.—APETHORPE HALL, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

SPECIALLY WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED FOR "THE SKETCH" BY LEONARD WILLOUGHBY.

WHEN Mr. Leonard Brassey purchased the old home of the Earls of Westmorland he became the owner of one of the most charming residences in a county of charming residences, for, in my opinion, Northamptonshire is richer in delightful old manor-houses than any other county in the kingdom, though the fact may not be generally known. Most people, I fancy, associate anything



APETHORPE HALL, FORMERLY THE HOME OF THE EARLS OF WESTMORLAND—THE SOUTH FRONT.

to do with Northamptonshire with Northampton itself, its boot-trade and its politics, and so look no further. But whether it be for fine, open scenery, for sport, for sturdy inhabitants, or for beautiful houses, this grand county takes a very high position.

Apethorpe—pronounced Apthorpe—is an old house: a certain part of it, at all events, was standing during the reign of Henry III. All that remains of this is on the west side of the second or outer court, and even this has been reduced to acting as a laundry. There were numerous owners in the early days, amongst them Henry Keble, an Alderman of the City of London; at various times, too, it belonged to the Crown, till at length it was given to Sir Walter Mildmay in exchange for other lands. Sir Walter was Chancellor of the Exchequer to Queen Elizabeth, and was the founder of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. His son, Sir Anthony, entertained James I., when that King first came to London, at Apethorpe, and it was there later on—in 1613—that the King met for the first time George Villiers, who was destined to become the Great Duke of Buckingham. To the early sixteenth-century house Sir Anthony added a large quadrangle or inner court, having a screen and cloister along the east side. Towards the erection of this, King James gave the timber and stone, and also the statue of himself which now stands in the entrance-hall.

Sir Anthony's daughter succeeded to the property, and married Sir Francis Fane, Kt., who in 1624 was created Baron Burghersh and Earl of Westmorland. Since that time the Lords Westmorland had made it their home, till Fate ordained that it must be sold, about a year ago. It was then stripped of its "Household Gods," and Mr. and Lady Violet Brassey have been busy refilling it with everything that is beautiful and interesting.

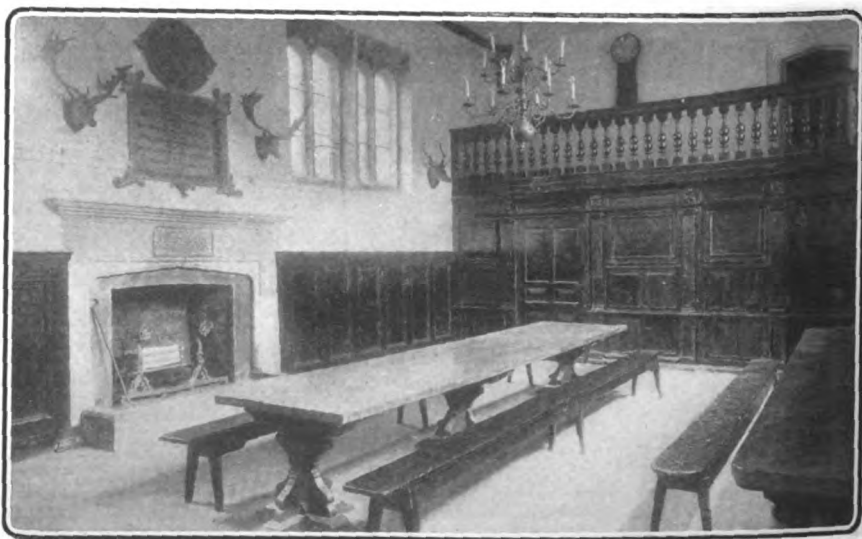
I believe there was a ghost which "walked" at times. At any rate, there was, until it was removed, a picture of Lady Grace Mildmay, who, according to tradition, "walked" on certain nights, scattering silver pennies behind her. It is also recorded on her monument in the church that she was "helpful with phisick, cloathes, nourishment, or counsel to any in misery." Rather a pleasant ghost, I should say.

Apethorpe is built of stone, and forms a hollow square. The entrance was once on the north side, and carriages passed through a fine archway into the court. Now the entrance is on the east side, and the hall is where the cloister once was. It makes a fine hall, with windows on both sides, those on the east side looking over the grounds and country beyond, and those on the west looking into the court. At the north end is a huge fireplace and James's statue; around the pillars in the centre of the hall are displayed old muskets; on the walls are armour, swords, and pistols, while arranged about are very old oak clocks, chairs, chests, and Jacobean dining-tables and forms.

Going south, and up two steps, through an arched way—once the front-door—we find a low, square apartment used as a breakfast-room. Its walls are hung with beautiful tapestry, the subject being "The Flood"; there are busts of Wellington and Nelson, an old oak writing-table, and very quaint, tall, copper candlesticks. The passage west from here runs the entire length of the house, and is lighted by windows looking on to the court. Out of this lead the smoking-room and private room of Mr. Brassey.

Further on, the hall widens, and contains some fine pieces of furniture, including an enormous table and a brass-bound oak chest, and, passing on again, we come to one of the stair-cases, on which hang pictures from the Townshend Collection. Beyond this we come to passages which lead to the servants' offices and the servants' hall. This fine room, with its minstrels' gallery and bay-window filled with stained glass, was once the banqueting-hall and small chapel. In this chapel is a wonderfully carved oak door. Ascending the stairs I spoke of, we come to the dining-room, a large, square room whose walls are hung with tapestry. This apartment looks into the court, and boasts a beautiful stone fireplace and ceiling. I must mention that the features of Apethorpe are these fireplaces and ceilings, as far as the building is concerned, while the armour and pictures are the features of the "furnishings" of the house. To the east of this are the drawing-rooms, and in one of these is a wonderful stone fireplace, carved to represent Abraham about to slay his son. The pictures, too, are good, especially those of Nell Gwynne; the Duke of Richmond, by Romney; Duke of Monmouth, by Mary Beale; and James, Duke of Berwick, by Kneller. This room has windows both to the court and to the south front.

The second drawing-room, called "The King's Room," is charming, and has a wonderful ceiling with the Royal Arms moulded and coloured. The fireplace is a marvellous piece of carved work, representing figures holding one a sword, the other an olive-branch. The tone of the room is green, and the pictures are by Zoffany, Cotes, Kneller, and Lely. Still further east is the anteroom, and this looks out to the east front. From this room the Great Gallery is entered on one side, and the stairs down to the breakfast-room on the other. The Gallery is an immense room, panelled to the ceiling and lighted by many mullioned windows on either side. In the centre of the east wall is an enormous stone fireplace, representing King David and his harp. The armour here is very fine indeed, and the furniture is principally Jacobean. A descent of the stairs takes us to "The Prince's Bedroom," a by no means large room, looking out to the south and east. Here, again, there is a stone fireplace, out of all proportion to the size of the room. It represents a seventeenth-century ship which carried Prince Charles and the Duke of Buckingham to Spain. Below this are the Prince of Wales's Feathers.



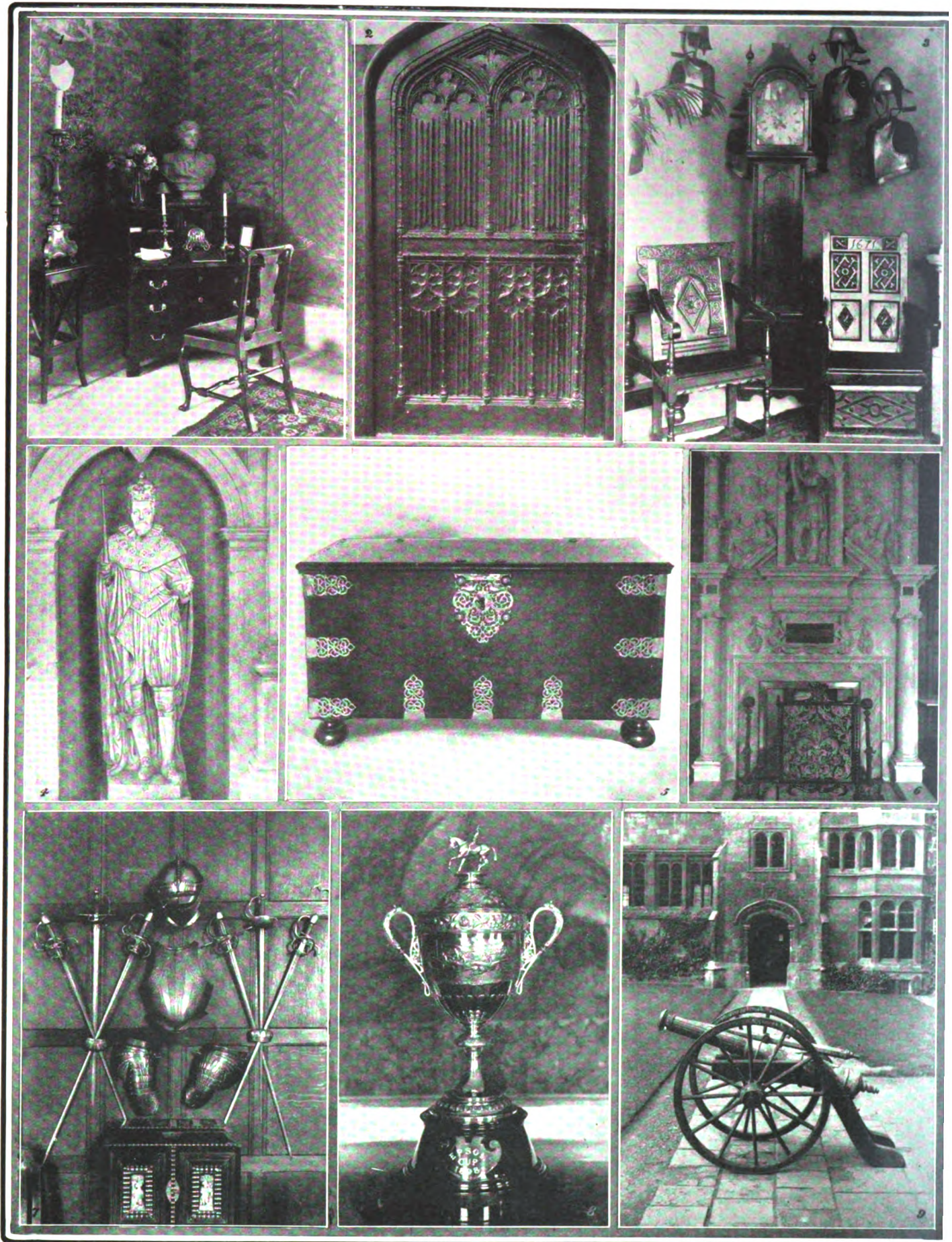
THE OLD BANQUETING-HALL OF APETHORPE.

The north side of the building is given up to the servants' quarters, although the billiard-room and what was once the State bedroom are here.

Whatever Apethorpe may have contained in the past, cannot, I am sure, have exceeded in beauty or interest those "Household Gods" with which Mr. Brassey and his wife are refilling it.

HOUSEHOLD GODS.

IX.—MR. LEONARD BRASSEY.—APETHORPE HALL, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.



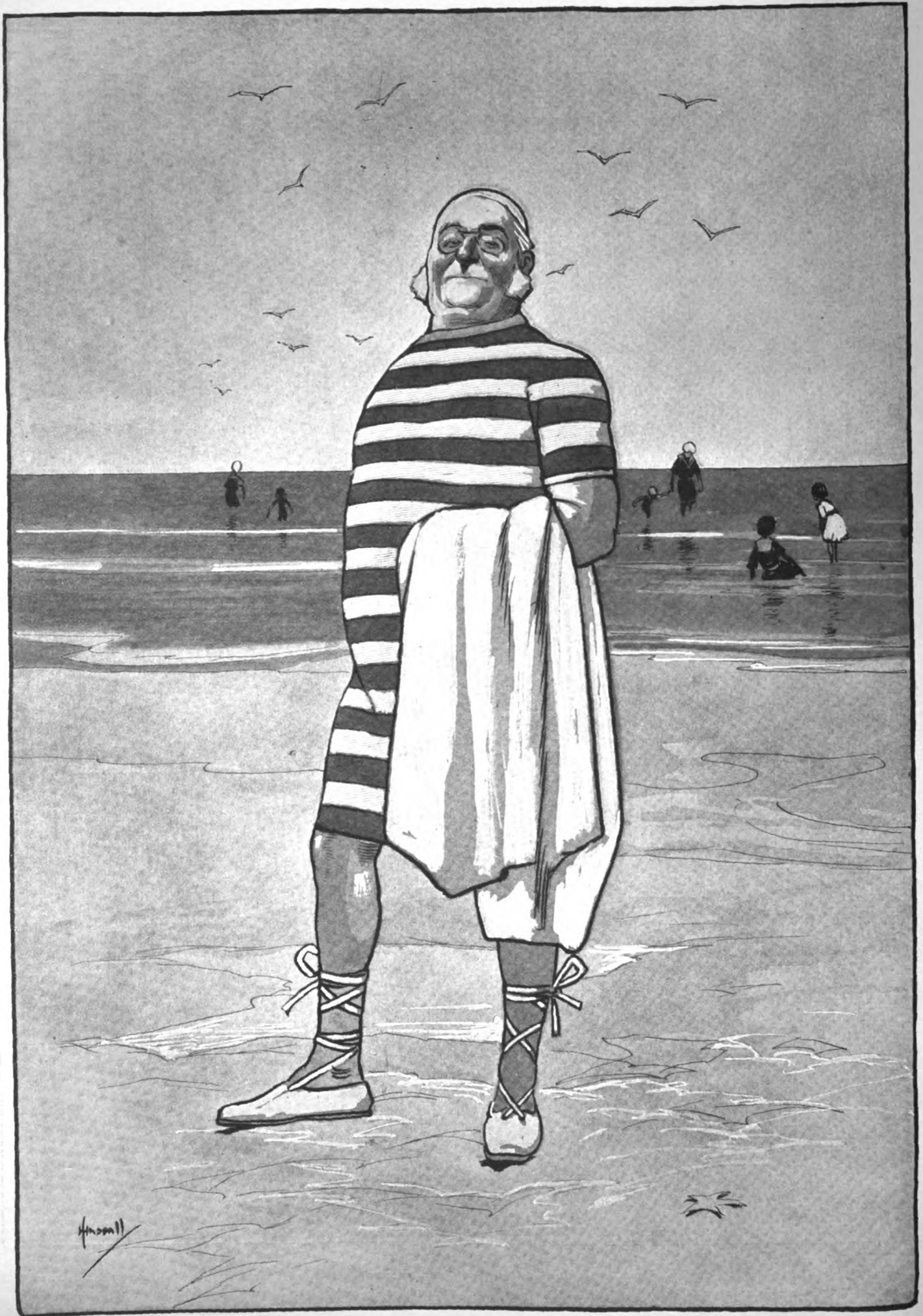
1. A Bust of Nelson which stands in the Breakfast-room.
4. A Statue of King James I., presented to Sir Anthony Mildmay by His Majesty as a memento of his visit to Apethorpe.
7. Finely-chased Armour in the Gallery.

2. A Fine Old Oak Door in the Banqueting-hall.
5. An Old Brass-bound Chest of beautiful workmanship in the South Gallery.
8. The Epsom Cup won by Mr. Leonard Brassey in 1898.

3. Some Armour, an Old Grandfather's Clock, and Oak Chairs in the Hall.
6. The magnificent Stone Fireplace in the Long Gallery showing a figure of David playing the Harp.
9. An Old Cannon in the Quadrangle.

Photographs by Leonard Willoughby.

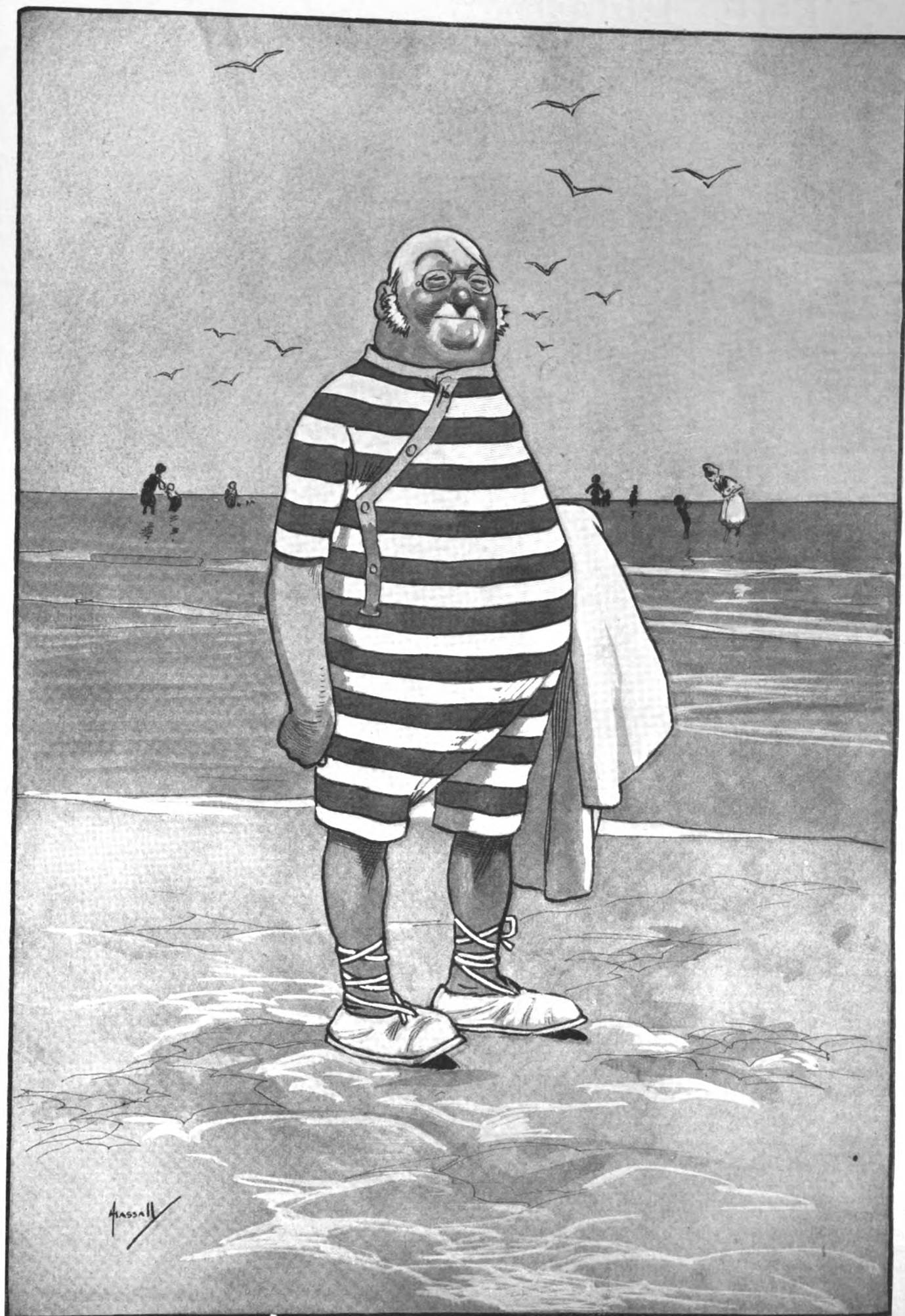
TO SEE OURSELVES —



I.—THE DIGNIFIED FIGURE THE CITY MAGNATE IMAGINES HIMSELF TO BE.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

—AS ITHERS SEE US.



I.—THE DUMPY FIGURE THE CITY MAGNATE CUTS BEFORE HIS FRIENDS.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. HERBERT PAUL'S *Life of Froude* (Pitman) is a very entertaining and fluent book. It is all the biography of Froude we are ever likely to have. A large number of Mr. Froude's letters were destroyed after his death, and it was not intended by the family that any biography of him should be written. Miss Froude, however, has supplied the facts, dates, and papers which were essential to the accuracy of the narrative. It is as narrative that Mr. Paul's book is mainly valuable. The narrative portion is scanty in comparison with the critical and vindictory part. About the latter there is room for endless dispute, but I do not propose to say anything on that. It will be better to select the chief facts here given on authority and for the first time.

Anthony Froude had the most wretched childhood possible. His young mother had died of consumption, and his only hope was that he might have a similar fate. His father seldom spoke to him and never said a kind word to him. His brother Hurrell subjected him to innumerable petty humiliations. He was not permitted to have clothes from a tailor. Old garments were found in the house and made up for him in uncouth shapes by a woman in the village. He was miserable at Westminster School, where he steadily deteriorated physically and mentally.

Things went better at Oxford, where he had a good allowance and managed to take a Second Class. He led an idle, luxurious life, though he was never a sensualist nor a Sybarite. Even then he had a frugal mind, and knew well the value of money. He engaged himself to a young lady, but her father interfered, and the relationship was broken. The result was a bitter sense of alienation and wrong. When he became a sceptic, his father, conceiving that the best remedy for free thought was short commons, stopped his son's allowance. It was not till he began to publish his *History* that the sun shone upon him. Mr. Paul, however, says too little of Froude's connection with the *Westminster Review* in the early 'fifties, and the circle that gathered round it, including George Eliot and Herbert Spencer. Froude married a lady with a little money and more than a leaning towards Roman Catholicism. He seems to have been fairly happy with her, but their married life was not long. From the first the public took to Froude's *History*, and it sold as no history had sold except Gibbon's and Macaulay's.

Mrs. Froude died on the 21st April, 1860, and on the 12th September, 1861, Froude married his second wife, Henrietta Warre. She was exactly suited to him, and their union was one of perfect happiness. He had to face the rancorous hostility of Freeman in the *Saturday Review*. Freeman's feeling to Froude is expressed in his quotations in his copy of Froude's *History*, which contains the choice sentence, "Froude is certainly the vilest brute

that ever wrote a book." Historians are apt to be rivals, but it is generally agreed that Freeman's treatment of Froude was nothing short of a scandal. After he had completed his *History*, Froude wrote many books with fair success. But he emerged into conspicuousness by writing his biography of Carlyle. Into that dreariest of all controversies I have no thought of entering. Mr. Paul is of opinion that, on the whole, Froude was right, and that Carlyle comes out a grand and heroic figure after Froude's treatment. It was Carlyle who compelled Froude to give up *Fraser's Magazine*, partly that employment might be found for a young man in whom Carlyle was interested. The young man, I suppose, was William Allingham,

who was scarcely young at the time. For his editorship Froude received from Messrs. Longman £400 a year. His royalties on his *History* from 1866-69 were about £1,000 a year. From 1877 to 1884 he did not receive more than £700. Two volumes of history brought in about as much as three of biography. Mr. Paul quotes as authority for Froude's accuracy Mr. Andrew Lang, of whom he says that he is "as scrupulously accurate in statement as he is brilliantly felicitous in style."

Mr. Zangwill's new novel will be published in the spring by Mr. Heinemann.

One of the most delightful of Christmas books is Messrs. Macmillan's edition of "Esmond," with an Introduction by Austin Dobson and illustrations by Hugh Thomson. Mr. Dobson carefully recounts the early fates of "Esmond." It had for rivals "My Novel" and "Villette." Miss Brontë's criticisms are carefully traced, and the copy which Thackeray sent her—a copy once in possession of the present writer—is duly recorded. Mr. Dobson points out that Miss Brontë

does not touch on the marriage with which "Esmond" closes. This marriage greatly exercised the first reviewers of the book, one of them describing it as incredible. Mr. Dobson says: "Why it was incredible that a man should marry a woman seven years older than himself, to whom he had already proposed once in Volume II., and of whose youthful appearance we are continually reminded ('She looks the sister of her daughter,' says the old dowager at Chelsea), is certainly not superficially obvious." Mr. Dobson's judgment is, "To those who read 'Esmond' now, noting carefully the almost imperceptible transformation of the motives on either side, as developed by the evolution of the story, the union of the hero and heroine at the end must appear not only credible but pre-ordained."

Professor Goldwin Smith is past eighty, but his extraordinary vigour of body and mind continues. He is preparing for early publication a book on "Irish History and the Irish Movement." It will be a companion to the book, "Irish Character and Irish History."



REASSURING.

[DRAWN BY MALCOLM PATTERSON.]

Nervous Gentleman: "I say! Here! Hi, boy! Call off this brute of a dog, will you?"

Boy: "'Ere, come 'ere, will yer. Yer know what I told yer last time, don't yer? The next person as yer bites, I'll wring yer bloomin' neck!"

THE GREATEST MUSICAL PRODIGY OF HIS DAY.

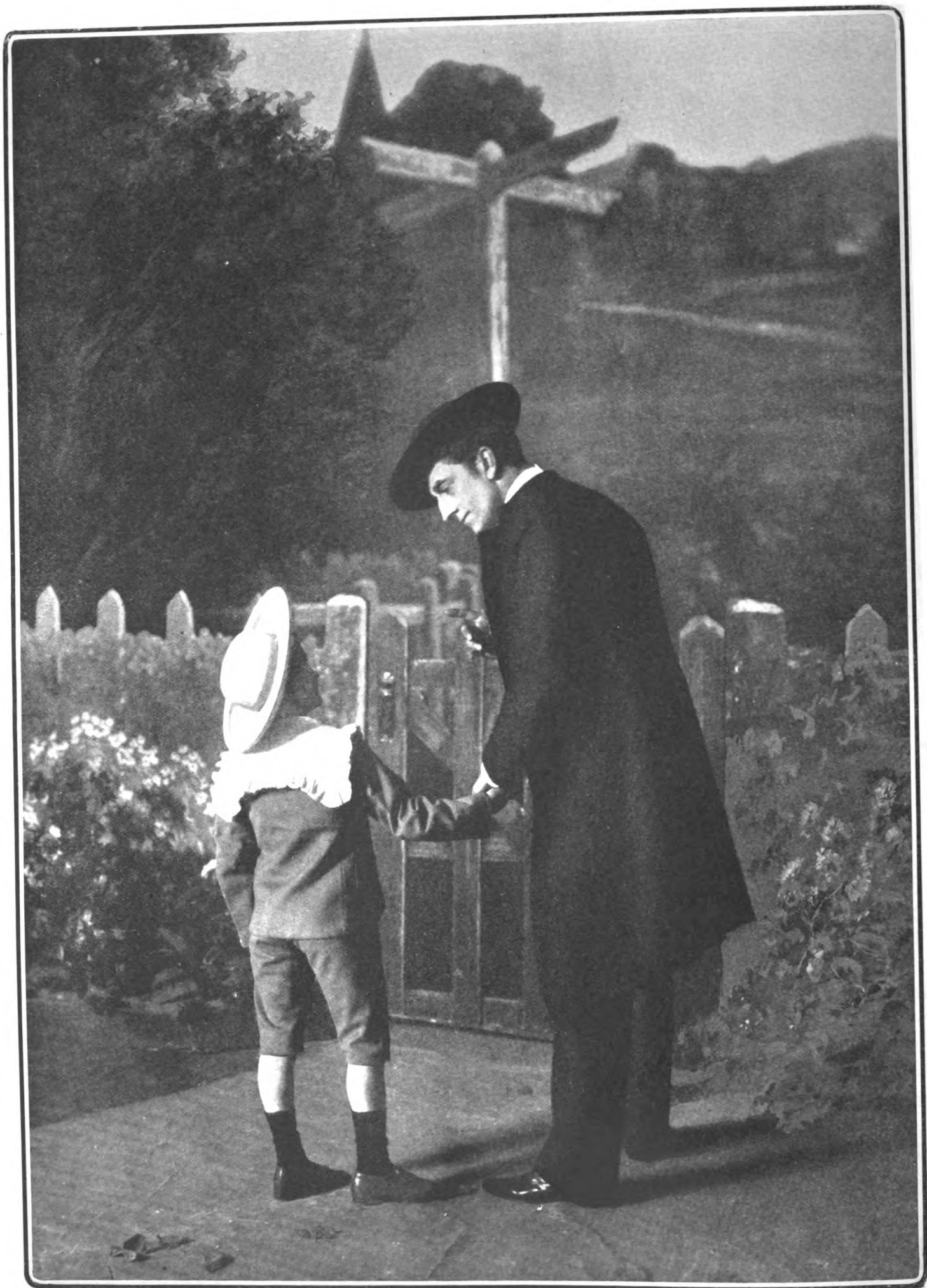


MISCHA ELMAN, THE BOY-VIOLINIST.

Mischa Elman is no ordinary prodigy—"prodigy," indeed, is scarcely the word that should be applied to him, for he is a prodigy only by reason of his years; his execution is that of a mature artist. He ranks already amongst the great violinists of the time.

Photograph by Russell.

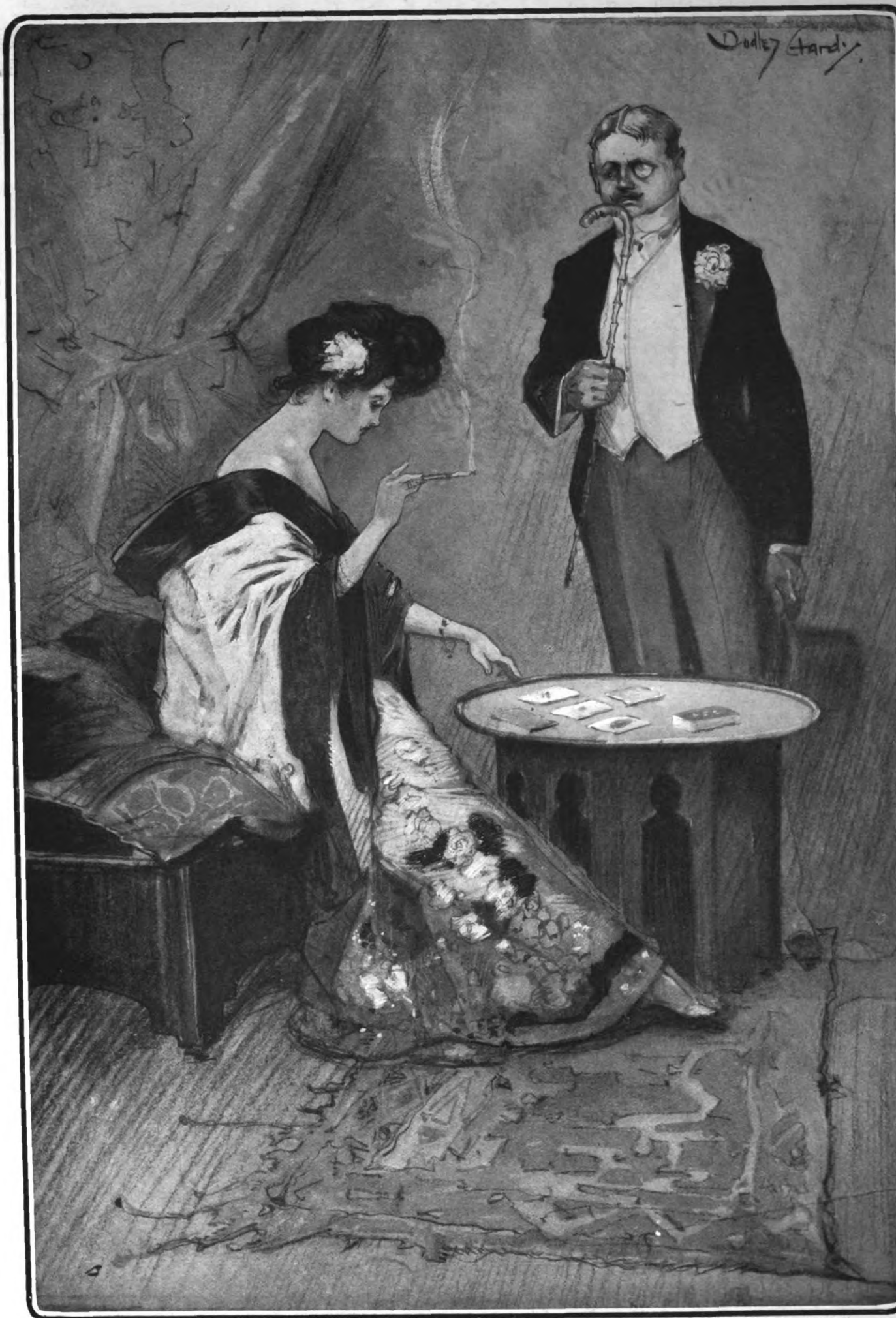
THE VICAR AND LITTLE JACK.



MR. J. FORBES-ROBERTSON AS THE REV. EDWARD SOTHEY AND MASTER HERBERT HOLLOM AS LITTLE JACK, HIS SON, IN "MRS. GRUNDY," AT THE SCALA.

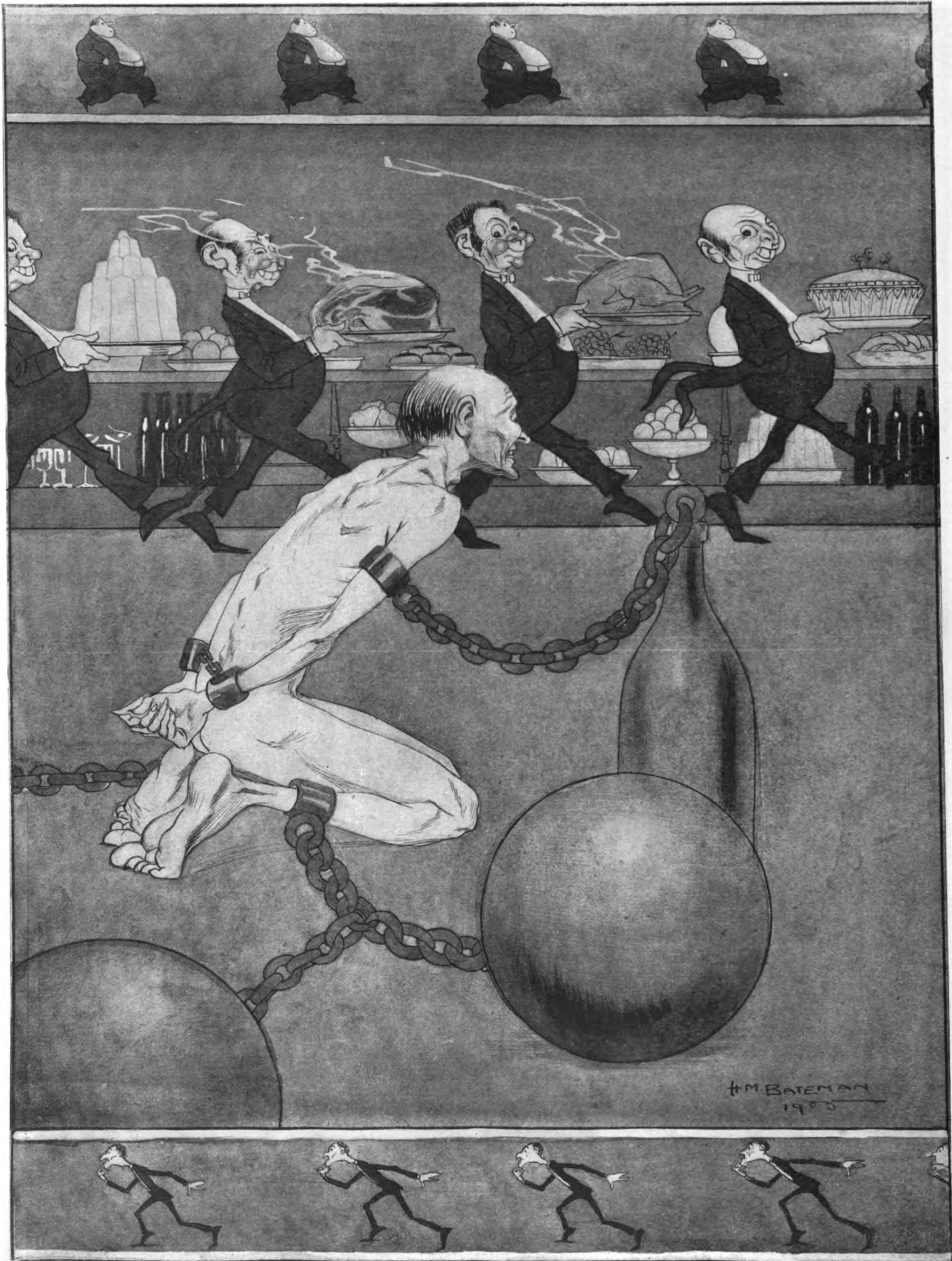
Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

"WHERE THE GOOD MAN MEETS HIS FATE."



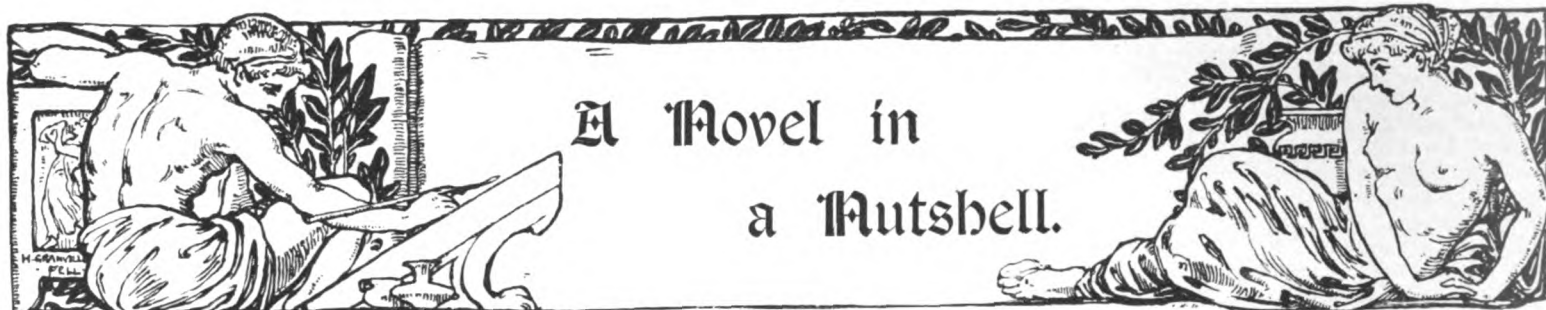
ANXIOUS MOMENTS.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



V.—THE OBSESSION OF THE DINER-OUT.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



A Novel in a Nutshell.

A REHEARSAL.

BY W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM.

MR. JENKINSON, manager of the Olympia Theatre of Varieties, drummed on the table with his fingers impatiently; and Lucien Smith, composer of the new ballet which was to set the Thames on fire, struck sentimental chords on the piano. They sat on the stage, contemplating in turn the back-cloth let down for rehearsal and the auditorium with seats wrapped in white cloths. They waited for the *première danseuse*, the celebrated Mademoiselle Zampa, but she respected herself far too much to arrive with punctuality, and the manager cursed her volubly.

"Why doesn't that woman arrive?" he cried. He was a dark, stout man, with hair redolent of cosmetic and an accent which betrayed at once his Teutonic nationality and his Jewish origin. "My time is money, my boy; my time is money."

Lucien Smith was long and lean, with auburn locks through which perpetually, with a dramatic gesture, he passed his fingers.

"Mademoiselle Zampa is the finest dancer in Europe," he replied, with an ecstatic sigh. "I would wait all day to catch one glimpse of her."

In truth, neither Mr. Jenkinson nor the composer was much at ease, for though La Zampa had been called ostensibly to rehearse a dance written especially to display her great skill, the meeting, in point of fact, had been arranged to reveal to her for the first time that she would have to discard the conventional dress of the ballet-dancer for skirts and high heels. Neither knew how she would take it, for she was passionately devoted to the conventions of her art, and it was possible that she would refuse absolutely to dance in anything but the costume in which her great successes had been achieved.

Presently the door of the back-scene was flung violently open, and in there bounded a very fat little man, with iron-grey hair cut short and standing straight on end, a moustache of the fiercest description, and a round, red face from which gleamed passionately two small, enthusiastic eyes. It was La Zampa's father.

"Behold the incomparable, the adorable, the unparalleled!" he cried, with a strong French accent. "Gentlemen, take off your hats to Mademoiselle Zampa."

The lady tripped in upon his words; he took her hand, and together they ran down the stage, kissed their fingers to an imaginary audience, and struck an attitude. Mademoiselle Zampa was a little woman with flashing eyes and lovely teeth; she was oddly dressed now in an old ballet-skirt, tights, an ordinary bodice which she wore in the street, and a somewhat battered hat.

"Geneviève!" cried the composer, passionately.

"Lucien!" she answered.

And with one bound they were locked in one another's arms. Monsieur Zampa explained to Mr. Jenkinson—

"Love has triumphed over the chaste heart of Mademoiselle Zampa. She has bestowed her little hand on this fortunate young man; and I, her father, have given my paternal blessing to their union."

"I'm delighted to hear it," said Mr. Jenkinson, amiably. "And when are they going to be married?"

"Sir!" cried Monsieur Zampa, with extreme dignity. "The ladies of the family of Zampa do not get married: they contract alliances."

The dancer smiled upon her betrothed and pressed his hand.

"He is an artist, like myself, and I love him," she said. "He will compose ballets for me and I will dance them. Monsieur and Mademoiselle Zampa will go down to posterity hand in hand."

"But you'll be Mrs. Smith," suggested the prosaic manager.

"Never!" she answered, proudly. "If I married seven husbands I should remain Mademoiselle Zampa. In our family the husband always takes his wife's name."

Monsieur Zampa, with a flourish, took up the tale.

"Mademoiselle Zampa, Célestine, the first of that name, danced before the great Napoleon. He offered her his Imperial crown, but she said, 'Sire, I will not sacrifice my art!' And then my deceased wife—she was also Mademoiselle Zampa. All Europe was at her feet, and Kings desired in vain to kiss her hand. I was proud to take her name. I, René-Antoine-Joseph-Marie de Pornichet

de la Paule, a scion of the noblest family in France, was proud to call myself Monsieur Zampa."

He paused to take breath, and mopped his heated brow.

"Bravo, Papa!" cried his daughter. "Bravo!"

He smiled, and gallantly kissed her hand.

"And Geneviève is Mademoiselle Zampa the third, perhaps the greatest of them all. The ducal coronet and the mansion in Park Lane have been thrown at her feet; the Peerage and the Stock Exchange have contended for that small white hand. But Mademoiselle Zampa will never marry beneath her. This morning a belted Earl came to me for permission to pay his addresses to my daughter, but I said to him, 'My Lord,' I said, 'my Lord, Mademoiselle Zampa can only marry an artist.'"

"Geneviève!" cried Lucien Smith.

"My betrothed!" she answered.

And once more, with affecting rapture, they were clasped in one another's arms. But Mr. Jenkinson thought it was quite time to get to the work for which they were there assembled, and Monsieur Zampa, clapping his hands, cried, "To business, my children; to business!" Lucien Smith flung from his fingers one last kiss to the dancer, and, seating himself at the piano, struck a resounding chord. Mademoiselle Zampa took the centre of the stage and threw herself into an attitude. This was the manager's opportunity.

"But you are not going to dance in those things!" he cried, as though he had just noticed La Zampa's costume. "Haven't you read the book?" The little woman looked at him, completely at a loss for his meaning. "The Duchess of Kensington comes forward and dances," he read, taking up the "book" of the ballet.

"Well?"

"The Duchess of Kensington can't dance at a royal garden-party in tights and ballet-skirts and those shoes. You must wear heels, my dear. Duchesses always do."

The effect of his statement was most alarming, for Mademoiselle Zampa gasped and turned perfectly white; she looked at her father and saw that he, a most apoplectic red, was shaking with mingled indignation and amazement.

"It's impossible!" she cried. "I've never danced in heels. It is contrary to all the rules of my art. I have been Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, in ballet-skirts; I have been the Queen of Sheba in these very pink tights, and you say I cannot wear them as Duchess of Kensington." She snapped her fingers contemptuously. "You make me laugh."

"Mademoiselle Zampa has danced before all the Kings of Europe without heels," protested her father. "And my deceased wife—"

"My sainted mother! Did she wear heels?"

"My child, she would have sooner died!"

Lucien Smith had foreseen the outrage this demand would seem to the sensitive dancer, and saw that the manager's contemptuous indifference only made things worse. He sought to use persuasion.

"I know it's a degradation," he said; "but, after all, the public will have realism nowadays. They no longer understand the choreographic art. Won't you try, for my sake, Geneviève?"

He desired to take her hand, but, with a commanding gesture, she bade him keep his distance.

"Never!" she answered. "Even for you, Lucien, I will not dishonour myself."

Mr. Jenkinson looked at his watch and got up.

"Now, look here. I've got no more time to waste. You'll have to wear heels, and, what's more, you'll have to wear a long dress."

"My noble father, take me home," replied Mademoiselle Zampa, haughtily, drawing herself to her full height. "This man is entirely without modesty."

"Geneviève, you'll ruin my ballet!" exclaimed the composer, in despair. "You don't love me."

"If you loved me you wouldn't ask me to dishonour myself."

"Fiddlesticks!" he cried, impatiently.

Mademoiselle Zampa positively shrieked, and she turned to her father. Her eyes started out of her head.

"Oh, did you hear what he said? 'Fiddlesticks'! He's swearing at me. Oh, my noble father, will you allow him to swear at me *before* we're married?"

"No, certainly not!" cried Monsieur Zampa. "How dare you, sir? How dare you? I never swore at my wife till we'd been married six months."

"You'll ruin my career!" cried Lucien Smith.

"I'm not interested in your career," she retorted, with flashing eyes. "I will not marry a man who asks me to sacrifice my art. I loved you because I thought you were an artist."

"What do you mean by that, Geneviève?" he asked, dramatically.

"If I cannot dance the Duchess of Kensington in ballet-skirts I will not marry you."

"Geneviève, I, too, have my artistic susceptibilities," he said, tossing back his auburn curls. "If you will not dance in heels, all is over between us."

"Then there is the ring you gave me!" she cried, tearing it off her finger and flinging it on the floor. "Here is your photograph, and here is the lock of your hair."

Both these articles, the latter neatly done up in tissue-paper, she produced from her bosom and threw at his feet.

"That is right, my daughter!" cried Monsieur Zampa. "You have acted with spirit." He scornfully addressed himself to Lucien. "She has had better offers. The great Moses Cohen, of Grosvenor Square, has implored her to marry him, but I said a ballerina could have nothing to do with a Kaffir Circus. Now he deals only in Consols. I said she did not like his name. He has changed it to Courtenay Howard."

Mr. Jenkinson looked at the pair reflectively and smiled quietly to himself; long experience had taught him the ways of artistes, and he knew that the only passion which overcame professional pride was professional jealousy. He wanted La Zampa for his ballet, and was aware that she hated no one more than her deadly rival, La Ferrari. When he announced indifferently that it was his intention to offer her the part, the contempt of father and daughter was magnificent to see.

"La Ferrari is forty and she weighs seventeen stone!" cried Mademoiselle Zampa, with a little shriek of ironical laughter. "She is a common woman, while I am a woman of family."

"She has thirteen children, and she cannot dance for nuts!" exclaimed René-Antoine. "Her father was a greengrocer, and her mother a charwoman."

"My mother was Mademoiselle Zampa, and even my father was a gentleman."

"René-Antoine-Joseph-Marie de Pornichet de la Paule!" he cried.

Mademoiselle Zampa held out her hand for her Papa, and together they marched towards the door. Lucien Smith angrily shrugged his shoulders.

"Of course, it's no good asking people impossibilities," he said. "If she refuses to dance with heels, it's obviously because she can't."

"What!" cried the ballerina, stopping dead.

"Because you can't," he repeated. "Because you can't."

"Oh, my noble father, will you allow this man to insult me?"

"No, my child!" cried Monsieur Zampa, clenching his fists and trembling with rage, but standing all the while at a very discreet distance. "Villain! Villain!"

"Take care what you say, Monsieur Zampa."

The fiery old gentleman stepped back two paces, apparently to give greater effect to his eloquence.

"I seize you by the throat, I slap your cheek, I pull your nose, I box your face. *Voula!*"

"My noble father," said Geneviève, proudly, "you are worthy of the name of Zampa."

But he was not nearly done. He removed his glove and tossed it down.

"I fling my gauntlet at your feet. Here is my card. I will send my seconds to you in the morning. You shall choose your own arms. René-Antoine-Joseph-Marie de Pornichet de la Paule is equally irresistible with pistol and with sword."

But Mr. Jenkinson, thinking the scene grew unduly violent, sought to make peace.

"Now, look here, Zampa, my boy—don't talk rubbish," he said, soothingly. "If she can't dance in heels, there's no more to be said."

"Sir," replied the other, bounding to him, "Mademoiselle Zampa can dance in top-boots, Mademoiselle Zampa can dance in snow-shoes." He turned to his talented offspring. "Geneviève, I *command* you to put on shoes; the honour of our house is at stake."

"That is right, my father. I will show these men what I can do."

She flung out of the room, trembling with rage, and the old man strode backwards and forwards in a fury. The manager tried to pacify him, but he took no heed—his blood was boiling, and for a while all three waited silently while the dancer changed her dress.

"Your wife only had one baby?" asked Mr. Jenkinson, presently, to make conversation.

"Sirrah, the ladies of my family do *not* have babies—they have ballerinas."

"And if they're boys?"

"They never are," replied Monsieur Zampa, with dignity and scorn.

But the door in the back-cloth was slowly opened, and Mademoiselle Zampa, with downcast eyes and a shrinking manner, appeared. This time she did not trip upon the stage, and all her arts and graces were gone. She stood shyly on the threshold, overwhelmed with confusion.

"My noble father, I am ashamed!" she sobbed. "To dance in skirts—it is indecent."

"Courage, my daughter! The artist must sacrifice everything."

She advanced, and for once in her life forbore to strike an attitude. The unaccustomed draperies gave her a queer sensation of impropriety. She was like an African belle who might feel perfectly at ease in a necklace of beads as her only costume, yet absurdly self-conscious in a ball-dress. When she began to dance, it was nervously and without abandonment; but gradually, very gradually, the music stirred her, it seemed to give an odd filip to her blood, and anger lent inspiration for new steps; little by little she warmed up, her movements grew more free; she was transfigured, all her terror vanished; now she forgot everything but that the melody tingled through every vein. She gave herself up to it entirely. She danced as she had never danced before; she danced magnificently. She danced as only she in Europe could dance. But when the music stopped, she came to herself suddenly and had no smiles for the rapturous applause of the three men.

"And now, my noble father, bring me my cloak," she said, quietly.

"But aren't you going to do it?" asked Mr. Jenkinson, perplexed and surprised. "You've surpassed yourself."

She drew herself up. "Do you think I would expose myself to an audience in skirts and high heels? I am a modest woman, Mr. Jenkinson!"

"Then I must send for La Ferrari, after all."

"And tell her she may have my leavings."

Mr. Jenkinson, pursing his lips, prepared to play his last card. He took a telegraph-form from his pocket, and read out the words he wrote: "Ferrari, 14, Gladstone Road, Camberwell. Will you dance new ballet? Principal part. £40 a week. Jenkinson." He got up and walked across the stage to give the message to a door-keeper. "She always said I would never be able to do this ballet without her."

"She said that?" cried Mademoiselle Zampa, opening her eyes. "Impudent hussy!"

She hesitated a moment, but the manager dangling that telegram in front of her face was too much for her. With an irresistible impulse, she seized it, crumpled it up, threw it on the floor and stamped on it.

"I no longer love that man, but I will not allow his ballet to be ruined by La Ferrari. The descendant of a greengrocer shall *never* dance to the music of Lucien Smith. I will dance in heels and a long skirt."

"Why on earth didn't you say that before, my dear?" said Mr. Jenkinson, with a great sigh of relief.

Lucien advanced with outstretched arms, radiant, but the lady stopped him.

"Stay, sir. You can never be the same to me. Henceforth you are nothing but Mr. Smith. You are unworthy of an artist's love. But for what has been I will beg my Papa to forgive you. . . . My noble father, you will not kill this unfortunate young man."

Monsieur Zampa sighed. "Since you desire it, my child, he shall live. He would have been my seventh man—a lucky number."

But Lucien Smith was distracted. He wrung his hands and implored his Geneviève to forgive him; he vowed he could not live without her; he threatened to take poison on her door-step. At last, he turned to his prospective father-in-law—

"Monsieur Zampa, won't you speak for me? I would have been a son to you; you should have smoked my cigars and worn my old hats."

"And I would have dandled little ballerinas on my knee," answered the old man, much affected. He looked at his daughter. "I know you love him, my child."

"He has insulted me. He said I could not dance in heels."

A ray of hope flashed across Lucien Smith's despair.

"But I knew you could. I taunted you so as to make you do it. It was only a trick."

"Is that true?"

"Geneviève!"

"Lucien!"

He clasped her in his arms, and Monsieur Zampa, waving a large bandana handkerchief, cried at the top of his voice, "Vive La Zampa!"





MR. COSMO GORDON LENNOX is fast taking rank as adapter-in-ordinary of the lighter class of French plays. His version of Georges Berr's comedy, under the title of "The Indecision of Mr. Kingsbury," will be produced at the Haymarket this evening, the 6th. Instead of leaving the action in France, Mr. Gordon Lennox has changed it to England, and the scenes are

laid in London and Windsor. This is the play in which it was originally intended that Mr. Hawtrey should appear, and he will play the name-part, while his chief associates will be Miss Nina Boucicault, Miss Alice Crawford, and Miss Fanny Brough; Mr. Sydney Valentine, Mr. Holman Clark, and Mr. Gordon Lennox himself, who will appear under his own name and not, as heretofore, as Mr. Cosmo Stuart. As "The Indecision of Mr. Kingsbury" is in four Acts, it will not be played with a first piece.



THE NEW ANTONIO FOR THE GARRICK PRODUCTION OF "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE":
MR. CHARLES V. FRANCE.

Mr. France, who has already done some exceedingly good work, is to take the place of Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw, who has to leave the cast at the Garrick in order to fulfil an engagement with Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry.

Photograph by Langflier.

with the trenchant sentence, "Mr. Archer understands neither my play nor my message." It was inevitable that there should be this conflict between the two men, for their outlook is essentially different, if not antagonistic. Mr. Davidson, in "The Theatrocrat," claims that "dramatic art, to be truly great . . . demands a great, impassioned people for an audience." In this phrase he undoubtedly demands an impassioned attitude on the part of the spectator. Those who are acquainted with Mr. Archer's critical work are aware that he does not possess this characteristic, for "impassioned" in the emotional sense is the last adjective anyone would apply to his analytical mind. It has become almost an axiom in the Green-room that the drama of emotion invariably leaves Mr. Archer cold, while he will wax enthusiastic over its intellectual side.

The only valuable verdict of a play is, however, based not on its perusal in the study, but on its vitalised presentation in a theatre, and it is therefore to be hoped that Mr. Davidson will soon see his way to having "The Theatrocrat" given at a special performance, when its emotional character and its real "message" will be presented in the way he has conceived them.

Miss Constance Collier has, as might be expected, been overwhelmed with congratulations by letter, telegram, and telephone since the announcement of her marriage with Mr. Julian L'Estrange was made last week. The popularity of the leading lady of His Majesty's is so great that the general playgoing public has naturally joined in those expressions of goodwill. *Sketch* readers will not need reminding that Mr. L'Estrange has been for a long time a prominent member of Mr. Tree's Company, and is now playing Bassanio with Mr. Bouchier, who will shortly make an interesting change in the cast of "The Merchant," for Mr. Charles V. France is to succeed Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw when the latter joins Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry at the New Theatre early in the New Year.

The week preceding Christmas is invariably one of the worst in the dramatic year, if, indeed, it does not hold pride of place among all the weeks in which business is invariably characterised as "rotten." Undeterred by this fact, however, Mr. Cyril Maude has decided to finish his tour by a special week at Brighton, beginning on the 18th.

For this he has devised a programme which is so attractive in itself that it cannot fail to remove the unenviable stigma from the Theatre Royal, apart altogether from the fact that it will enable him to be seen in three different characters, as he will offer a triple bill. Unlike many other triple bills, however, this will not be made up of three one-Act plays, but will revert to the old fashion of a three-Act play preceded and succeeded by one in one Act. Mr. Maude will present "Jerry Bundler" and "Everybody's Secret," and, by way of a novelty, an adaptation of M. Maurey's "Asile de Nuit," adapted by Mr. Edward Knoblauch under the title of "The Particular Pet." In this last the parts will be played by Mr. Edmund Maurice, Mr. George M. Graham, and Mr. Maude himself, while in "Everybody's Secret" the characters will be taken by Miss Vane Featherston, Miss Janet Alexander, Miss Adela Measor, and Miss Haviland, with Mr. Maurice and Mr. Maude in their original parts, and little Iris Hawkins as the child, the character in which, at the time of the original production at the Haymarket, she seemed the bright particular star of the evening, in spite of the talent which surrounded her.

It is a long time since Mr. Hamilton Aïdé, so pleasantly remembered for his adaptation of "Doctor Bill," has given a new play to the stage. His latest, which bears the title of "The Assignment," a satirical comedy, or "a satire in three Acts," as he prefers to call it, will be produced at the New Theatre to-morrow afternoon, on behalf of the Women and Children's Hospital in Waterloo Road. The action of the play is confined to thirty-six hours, and takes place in one scene, the great hall of a large country-house at which a shooting-party is assembled. The hostess is a very unconventional young woman, in direct contrast to most of the guests, who are more or less types of various follies prevalent in the world of Society. The cast is a notable one, including as it does Miss Ethel Irving, Miss Marie Illington, Mrs. Tree, and Miss Geneviève Ward; Mr. Brandon Thomas and Mr. Gerald du Maurier.

It was originally intended that the entertainment should be given at the Haymarket, but the change in the programme of that house to-night made the transfer necessary, and Sir Charles Wyndham readily consented to lend his theatre.

Saturday will be the last day on which those who desire to be present at the inaugural performance of The Pioneers can join the Society for that purpose. This performance will take place at the Scala on Sunday evening, the 17th, and the programme will consist of "The Firefly," a new play in a Prologue and three Acts written by Mr. William Toynbee, and a musical absurdity, written by Audley End, composed by Haverford West, and entitled "Hero and Heroine," in which Miss Kate Cutler and Mr. Arthur Playfair will appear. Intending members should communicate with the General Manager of the Society at 1, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue.



SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM'S UNDERSTUDY AT THE NEW THEATRE: MR. BERTRAM STEER.

Photograph by Marceau.

KEY-NOTES

IT is now an established fact that any production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" should be accompanied by the incidental music of Mendelssohn. Mr. Otho Stuart's Company was assuredly well advised in producing that incidental music by Mendelssohn. Although one knows that there have been many scores written in connection with the same play, Mendelssohn still holds his own in the world, so far as this work is concerned. The extraordinary part of the whole business is that the earlier portions, which are by far the most beautiful accompaniments to mingle with Shakspeare's ideal, were written when the composer was quite a young man, and that the later portions are by no means equal in point of fancy and in point of the understanding of the work itself to the original thought of Mendelssohn. For example, the wonderfully fine and very beautiful overture is artistically much more refined in instinct and in the appreciation of the opera, as it was conceived by Mendelssohn in his earlier days. He came to his own rather too soon; nevertheless, his early inspiration was so far great that he was able to embody his fanciful idea of Fairyland in the beginning of his career; he embodied his later fancy and more solid thought in a work which has now a world-wide reputation—"The Wedding March."

The new production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is distinguished very much by the engagement of singers whose work and whose reputations are rapidly making them prominent upon concert platforms. Miss Parkina, for example, is a singer who has come to the front very quickly, and, without any question, she has become a favourite of the public simply by reason of the refinement of her art and the carefulness and artistic finish with which she sings everything which appeals to her temperament. In Cooke's "Over Hill, Over Dale" she was especially good: we say especially good, because it is very rare that you find a modern singer realising exactly the ideals of men and women who have not lived in our own time. Mr. Christopher Wilson wrote a specially composed ballad for this production, "On the Ground," which Miss Parkina sang very beautifully. To compare Mr. Wilson's work with that of other and traditional days would, of course, be somewhat unfair; nevertheless, he conducted his orchestra with great skill and with much musical sensitiveness, knowing exactly what the difference is between an orchestra which exhibits itself for its own sake, and an orchestra which is concerned absolutely with stage design.

The Grand Orchestral Concert which is to be given at the Queen's Hall on Dec. 13 for the benefit of the Funds "for the Relief of the suffering Russian Jews" is one which everybody who has any sensitiveness of mind should patronise. The present writer can imagine no scheme more worthy of claiming the patronage of everybody who

sympathises with the real sufferings of humanity. We are glad to note that Mr. Mark Hambourg, Mr. Jan Hambourg, and Mr. Boris Hambourg have offered their services as soloists. Mr. Landon Ronald will conduct, on this occasion, the London Symphony Orchestra, which is giving its services for nothing more than a purely nominal remuneration. Mr. Ronald has reason to assist in such a demonstration, for it is well known that he is a composer and a conductor who sympathises with all that goes towards the feelings which all of us possess in connection with the intolerable persecution of the Jewish race.

As a purely business matter, it may be mentioned that tickets for the concert referred to above can be obtained at the Queen's Hall, the prices varying from one guinea and half-a-guinea to five shillings. Mr. Daniel Mayer has most generously placed his services at the disposal of the organisers of the concert. To that concert we wish every success.

Among modern singers, Victor Maurel will always take an exceptional place. He works out his art-life through purely intellectual feeling. He does not teach any doctrine of absolute vocalisation; that which he tries to impress upon the public at large is, that, once given a voice of some reasonable quality, the instinct of a really clever man, of a man who knows precisely how to produce effects, how to make his influence realised by the public, will be enough. Maurel, in fact, is the master of the new school. He knows perfectly well that there are many, many singers who depend entirely upon their sheer natural gifts for the expression of a personality. But Maurel so far understands the Wagnerian—which is to say, the modern school of art—that he has ventured to make of that modern school the perfection of that idea which really was at the back of all essential dramatic art, as it was supposed to be realised in music by the greatest composers of opera. It is through Maurel

that Verdi finally expressed himself to the public. Without Victor Maurel there would have been no possibility of the interpretation in our day of such works as "Falstaff" or "Otello" being realised to the world at large. And it is therefore right that he should be recognised as one of the foremost artists in the world, because he has shown us that music-drama is possible despite the fact that many people consider that a pure tenor voice or a pure baritone voice is alone needful for the final expression of music-drama. Maurel has a noble baritone voice, and he knows how to use it in a most wonderful manner; but it is far more to his advantage that he should be able to teach other people dramatic ideas—in a word, how to use the voice in connection with the music-drama—than that he should himself show us a teaching power of vocal demonstration.

COMMON CHORD.



Nervous Jones de Jones (of the Cholmondeley Amateur Orchestra, who are awaiting his arrival), having just discovered that he has left the whole of the music entrusted to his charge in the train, finds himself in a state of painful uncertainty and cannot decide whether to continue his weary way to his destination or spend the night in the seclusion afforded by the village inn.

DRAWN BY CHARLES INCE.



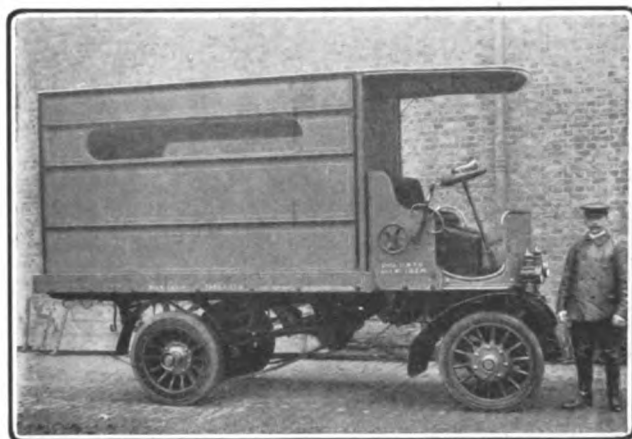
AT THE CLUB DINNER—STARTLING SHOW STATISTICS—A DESIRABLE WIND-SCREEN—IMPROVEMENTS AT THE SHOW—BLIND OR WON'T SEE?

IF anything were required to prove that immense interest is now taken in automobilism, it would only be necessary to point to the huge and enthusiastic attendance at the annual dinner of the Automobile Club, held on Friday in Show week in the Banqueting Hall of the Hôtel Cecil. The Chairman was supported by no less than three diplomatic dignitaries, the American Ambassador

that of his companion. The two hinged portions of the screen are secured on two brass segments, and the whole three divisions can be folded down out of the way in front of the dashboard. A most admirable adjunct.

The expectant person who betook himself to Olympia with the idea of finding wide mechanical departures must have experienced much disappointment. There was nothing to which the adjective "startling" could be applied to be found from one end of the Exhibition to the other. Improvement throughout had to be sought in detail, and to the interested person who knew how and where to look there was much to be remarked. Only our British makers have taken their courage in both hands and been bold enough to cast four, and even six, cylinders in one casting. The example was set some two years ago by the Ariel Motor Company, of Birmingham, and is continued to-day in the Ariel-Simplex cars. The ancient discussion lately revived upon the subject of the use of the engine as a brake has caused automatic air-inlet valves to be so placed that when the throttle-valve is entirely closed by hand-lever, foot-pedal, or governor, the automatic valve which is now generally found between the throttle and the cylinder inlet-port operates to the utmost, and full cleansing, cooling charges of pure air are taken into the cylinders, compressed and exhausted with grand scavenging and cooling effect. Time was when constructors would have trembled at upsetting their mixture, but modern explosion-engines are as flexible as to their mixture as they are to their speed.

It is really more than extraordinary how forgetful or how wilfully blind the French Press and French officials are to speed-records effected outside France. Just lately the flying kilomètre has been covered at Arles on a Duray in some two seconds or so slower time than that put on by Baras on his 100 horse-power Gobrin-Brillié at Ostend, and equalled later by Clifford Earp on the Napier at Blackpool. In recording and commenting upon this Arles performance, the French Press coolly suggests that Baras' performance cannot be taken into account because the Ostend course was not then recognised by the French Club, although it has been so recognised since, and was previously countenanced by the Belgian Club. Clifford Earp's later and equalling performance over the Blackpool course, quite a second, if not more, slower than that of Ostend, is not even referred to, although it had all the official recognition our own Club could give it.



THE L.C.C. RECOGNISES THE POSSIBILITY OF BREAKDOWNS ON ITS TRAMWAY SYSTEM: THE COUNCIL'S SPECIAL REPAIR-VAN.

Our photograph depicts the first of the breakdown vans to be employed by the L.C.C. in connection with their tramway system. The travelling repair-shop has a 12 h.p. engine, can carry a load of about three tons at twelve miles an hour, and is fitted with seats for workmen and storage-room for tools, lifting-jacks, etc.

Photograph by C. Lovell.

and the Greek and Chinese Ministers. I am informed that the latter diplomat is a very keen motorist, though I do not fancy that his Excellency can enjoy motoring on a windy day unless he substitutes the ugly British cap for the picturesque but wind-holding headgear which is apparently "the thing" in the Celestial diner-out's evening-kit. The speeches were of lengthened sweetness long drawn out, and were, for the most part, more or less inaudible to quite two-thirds of the company. Luckily the Chairman, that brilliant after-dinner speaker, Sir Albert Rollit, M.P., the Hon. Whitelaw Reid, General Benson, the Hon. A. Stanley, and Earl Russell were audible in every part of the huge hall.

Of the success of the recent Exhibition at Olympia there can be no question, but one statement has been made in connection with it that I, for one, shy at a little. In his speech at the Club dinner the Hon. A. Stanley intimated that while making a tour of the Show he had been at some pains to inquire the amount of business done by each exhibitor, and that the totals given him amounted altogether to the huge sum of £4,000,000. Four million pounds sterling for motor-cars and their appurtenances! As that friend of our youth would have said, "Prodeegious!" When Mr. Stanley suggested that, in relation to the above-mentioned figures, no exhibitor was likely to have overstated the gross amount of the orders he had taken, a little ripple of laughter, hardly confirmatory in its character, ran round the room. I fancy that the whole trade and industry would be quite satisfied with half the Show complaint, and, for my own part, I should imagine that that would be very much nearer the mark. If we allow an average price of £600 per car, then the amount quoted by Mr. Stanley would mean that orders were placed at the Show alone for 6,666 cars, or thereabouts.

If a car-owner who drives his own car does not care for the trouble of a hood, he can have very ample and cheaper protection for himself, and even his rearward passengers, by fitting the ingenious glazed front wind-screen, invented by Major Samuel, and licensed by him to those well-known carriage-builders, Messrs. Morgan and Co., of 10, New Bond Street, and 127, Long Acre. This screen rises up for some twelve inches above the top of the dashboard, then slopes back for the same distance at an angle of 45 degs., and then rises vertically again for about nine inches. The highest vertical portion is above the wheel and rears itself erect a few inches in front of the face of the driver and



THE £1,000 MOTOR TROPHY STOLEN FROM OLYMPIA: THE COUPE DES PYRÉNÉES.

The massive silver trophy known as the Coupe des Pyrénées, valued at £1,000, and won by a 40 h.p. De Dietrich touring-car from eighty competitors in a reliability-race of 300 miles, was stolen from the stall of Messrs. Charles Jarrott and Letts, the English representatives of the De Dietrich Company, at the close of the Motor Show at Olympia. It is believed that it was taken in the temporary absence of the night-watchman employed to guard it, and carried from the building in a waste-paper sack. A reward is offered for the recovery of the trophy, which is the property for the time being of the Baron Turckheim, the head of the French De Dietrich house, who will have to replace it.

Photograph by Barenne.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

NATIONAL HUNT RACING—THE FUTURE—STARTOLOGY—FREE.

THE winter sport promises well. Provided the weather keeps of an open character, there should be good sport on almost every week-day until the flat-racing season of 1906 opens. Some very fair entries have been received for the Gatwick meeting. I am told that Gay Music is almost safe for the Timberham Hurdle-Race, and that The Clown II. may win the Novices' Steeplechase. For the Three-Year-Old Hurdle-Race good accounts reach me of Chastity, who may find danger from Pure Glass. There should be a big attendance at Sandown Park on Friday and Saturday. The feature of the opening day will be the Grand Annual Hurdle-Race of 300 sovs. I believe that Hurst Park has been specially prepared for this race, and he is very likely to win it. Moifaa is engaged in the Ewell Steeplechase; but His Majesty's 'chaser may not beat Questionable or Strategy. The Selling Three-Year-Old Hurdle-Race looks well for May Woodhouse, who is trained by Sir Charles Nugent. For the Priory Steeplechase I fancy Addlestone. Some fairly good steeplechasers are engaged in the Sandown Handicap Steeplechase on Saturday. Liberté likes the course; but I shall declare for Sanguinette.

It is generally thought that the flat-racing season of 1906 will be a busy one, especially if the General Election is over by the time the curtain is rung up at Lincoln. Of the trainers to follow next year, I think Gilpin will be successful, as he has some good horses under his charge. Willie Waugh, who is now settling down at Kingsclere, is certain to turn out some good runners, and I do hope that R. Marsh may be more successful than he was this year. The same remark applies to his father-in-law, Sam Darling, who has some of the best training tracks in England. The Netheravon stable should be worth following.

Of the jockeys, Higgs and Maher are certain to ride a lot of winners again, and of the apprentices, Heckford, Howard, and T. Jennings will be in chief demand. The last-named, who rode a fine race on Ferment, at Manchester, is a genius in his way. He has a good nerve and displays fine judgment. He should get plenty of riding when the weights suit, as he is apprenticed to John Watson, who now trains all Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's horses. Despite the fact that Templeman now loses his allowance, he will continue to be in great demand, as he is, in the opinion of many, one of the best light-weights we have seen for years.

A great deal has been written and said of late to the detriment of the starting-gate. Many of the old-fashioned trainers, the have-beens

of the Sport of Kings, think that the "new-fangled notion" will be got rid of; but I think not. Is it the gate that is at fault? A friend of mine who went the round of the French meetings during the summer months declared to me that he never saw a single bad start. I

have, during the last half-dozen years, received many snapshots of the starts for big races in Australia, and all show that the starts were perfectly equitable. It has struck me that, after all, the jockeys or starters may be at fault in this country. We all know that, in the old days—bad old days, I term them—of starting by flag, some of the leading jockeys considered that they had the privilege to say, "Yes, sir," or "No, sir," in prompting the starter when to drop the red flag. Indeed, I have heard a story of the long, long ago when a trainer always made a point of giving the starter in the early morning the names of any of his horses that he thought had excellent chances of winning. Perhaps he thought that this would ensure their getting off all right. But the gate is like the American Constitution—under its manipulation

all are equal, and no jockey should be allowed, under any consideration, to speak a word before the tape flies up. If it is a fact that Mr. Richard Figes can give the greatest satisfaction by the aid of the gate in France, it ought to be an easy matter to get the same thing done in England.

The old adage "United we stand, divided we fall," seems to have appealed to many racehorse owners, who have combined to form the Racehorse Owners' Association. The members' list includes the names of several influential owners who can be trusted to work for the good of the Turf in general and for owners in particular. The Association might do worse than attack the fixture-list, for a start. The Stewards of the Jockey Club are, I presume, amenable to reason, and it should not require very much pressure from the outside to get them to arrange a much less expensive list than the one we work under at the present time.

The old landmarks in the shape of the classics and big handicaps should remain as they are, but the other fixtures should be run on the circuit system, to prevent race-goers from having to travel north and south two or three times in a single week. Again, the matter of railway charges should be gone into by the Association, and I

certainly do think that all the Park meetings, at any rate, should be compelled to find free stabling and free fodder, and free sleeping accommodation for boys. The Folkestone plan of free railway travelling for horses and trainers, will, I guess, become general in time.

CAPTAIN COE.



THE RACE UP
729 STEPS OF
THE EIFFEL
TOWER: ONE OF
THE COMPETITORS
ROUND A SHARP
CORNER.

THE MAN WHO ASCENDED 729 STEPS OF THE EIFFEL TOWER IN 3 MINUTES 12.45 SECONDS: FORESTIER, THE CYCLIST, WHO BEAT 227 COMPETITORS.

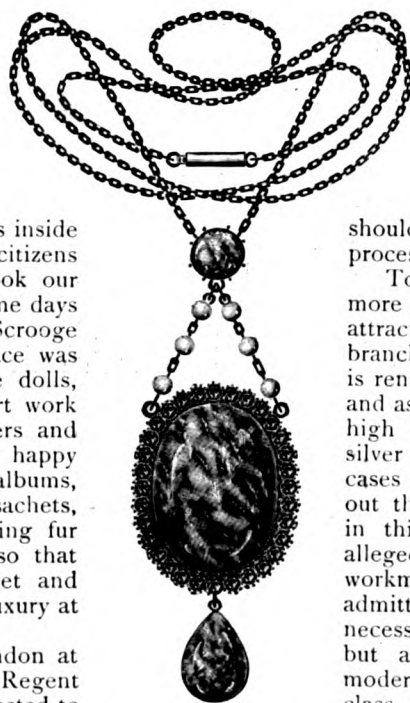
The winner of the race up the Eiffel Tower ascended the 729 steps in the extraordinary time of 3 minutes 12.45 seconds, Lepage coming second to him with the time of 3 minutes 16.15 seconds. Both Forestier and Lepage are milkmen, and the former is a cyclist. Among those who chose to climb in a more or less eccentric manner were Wachorn, who mounted with a weight of fifty kilos on each shoulder, and Succi, the celebrated fasting-man who appeared some years ago at the Westminster Aquarium, who went up backwards.

Photographs by M. Rol.

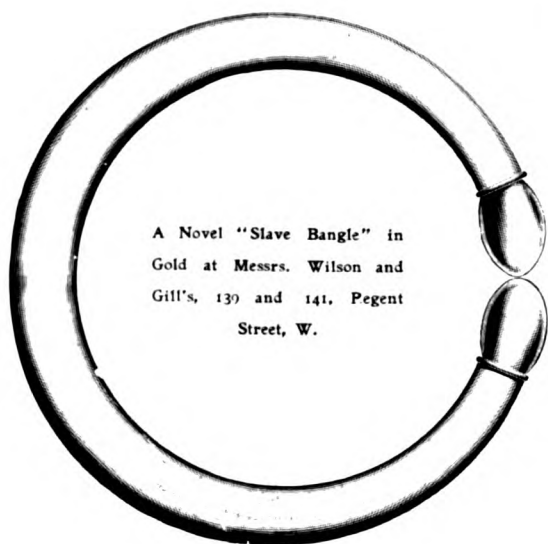
OUR LADIES' PAGES.

SINCE we all became wise and sceptical and superior, Christmas has lost much of its old-time character, even if none of its old-time claims, and one becomes accustomed nowadays to hear it disposed of as "the time for children," just as if our modern patronising tone of thought could alter the unchangeable or influence the infinite merely because cynicism has for the time being replaced credulity in our social system. All this apart, however, and without delving at the root of things overmuch, it seems fairly obvious that Christmas cheer and cheeriness are not restricted to rejoicing juveniles only, if one may judge from the supreme attractiveness of the shop windows and the crowds of beaming buyers inside and out. With a group of very ecstatic and small citizens intent on the furnishing of a Christmas-tree we took our way to Peter Robinson's Oxford Street Bazaar some days ago, and it might have melted the stony heart of Scrooge to see the delight with which that Aladdin's palace was ransacked for treasure—dolls, dolls, and still more dolls, swimming frogs, clockwork trains that made short work of the Simplon tunnel, wonderful mechanical terriers and monkeys, with a thousand other beguilements for happy nursery hours. With these were seen postcard-albums, lamp-shades, silver toilet trifles, daintily contrived sachets, "vanity" bags, and all kinds and sorts of charming fur collars, boas, stoles, and muffs for the grown-ups, so that the Christmas shopper, whether *à la* six or sweet and twenty, can be fitted out to the last necessity or luxury at this all-embracing Oxford Street emporium.

If there is a more attractive shop in all London at the present moment than Wilson and Gill's, of 139, Regent Street, otherwise "The Goldsmiths," I shall be interested to know of it. But it seems as if the last note of originality and



An Inexpensive Opal and Ruby Pendant at Messrs. Wilson and Gill's, 139 and 141, Regent Street, W.



A Novel "Slave Bangle" in Gold at Messrs. Wilson and Gill's, 139 and 141, Regent Street, W.

produced as a feature of the season. In 15-carat solid gold, the price, ninety shillings, is moderation itself, and commends itself on both counts for a Christmas *cadeau*. Another elegant and inexpensive jewel is a fine opal surrounded with rubies, while designs of extreme beauty worthy of Lalique's best effects are a pearl, diamond and enamel pendant, marked 11,389 in the catalogue, and another of diamond and amethyst, No. 11,388, which unites the æsthetic and the inexpensive in unusual degree. Some exquisitely fine silver inlay on tortoiseshell toilet equipments will appeal to the connoisseur—the new *reeded* silver is simple in design but in exceedingly good taste. Chafing-dishes, either of fire-proof china or silver, daintily pierced silver-ware in syphons or flower-stands, candlesticks, jardinières, cake-baskets, and other luxuries of the household are inexpressibly elegant, and a hundred other *articles de luxe* will arrest the attention and claim the admiration of all who investigate the numberless attractions of this supremely attractive establishment.

To turn from jewels to another matter of importance, the woman who appreciates beautiful garments can feast her eyes at will when Kate Reily's sale opens on Dec. 11. French models and all "creations" generally, both native and foreign, are to be sold at immense reductions. She also hears of the sale at Lola's—the little shop which has obtained such a smart *clientèle* in Dover Street, by virtue of low prices and high quality. On Dec. 11 also Lola's sale begins, when millinery, together with costumes and furs, will be "cleared off," in the jargon of the warehouse, at enormous reductions.

A pamphlet has been sent me—one of many; but this arrests attention by asking two underlined questions, "Why are you not taller?" and "How can you be taller?" with the figure of a personable and well-moustached young man sandwiched in between. It appears that the "Cleese Extensor" method of increasing human height is the head and front of this booklet. Mr. Meredith Cleese, the inventor, claims for his system that it not only increases the height, but gives grace and contour to the user thereof. 30, New Bond Street, is the head centre of this simple but satisfactory means towards a desirable end, and small men with tall lady-loves more particularly than others should note the aforementioned address. Its elongating process in such cases should be more than satisfactory.

To say "there's nothing like leather" impresses itself more than ever as a truism in viewing the hundred and one attractions of John Pound and Co. at their Regent Street branch, where every imaginable object of use and ornament is rendered in that serviceable stuff. As makers of trunks and as dressing-bag manufacturers the firm has a deservedly high reputation, and at Christmas time the output of silver or gold or tortoiseshell or ivory fitted travelling-cases is nothing less than phenomenal, although bearing out the universal esteem and confidence of the public in this worthy and noteworthy firm. It has often been alleged that English workmanship, though admittedly good, is unnecessarily expensive; but as an example of moderation and high-class achievement the lady's dressing-bag which this illustration represents would be found difficult to rival, much less surpass, in any

Continental workshop. The bag is lined with, as well as made of, leather, and, as can be seen, is fully and elaborately fitted with all possible and supposable accessories of the toilet-table in embossed silver and cut-glass, while the entire cost is covered by twelve pounds sterling—an incredibly small equivalent for an infinitely desirable possession. In the pretty trifles whose appearance on our Christmas breakfast-tables is such welcome evidence of not being forgotten by friends, John Pound and Co.'s various shops abound. The crocodile purse-bag with watch included, as shown in sketch, costs only a few guineas; a purse and card-case with watch attachment in silver-mounted state



The Latest Shape of Velvet Crocodile Purse Bag, fitted with a Watch, at Messrs. John Pound and Co.'s, 211, Regent Street, W.



A Lady's Beautifully Fitted Dressing-Case at Messrs. John Pound and Co.'s, 211, Regent Street, W.

is very modestly priced at two guineas. Leather rolls for jewellery, made housewife fashion will be found the safest method of carrying jewellery when abroad; while silver shaving-paper cases and Wilkinson

safety razors are amongst the seasonable trifles which show on every side in the well-provided shops at 211, Regent Street, 67, Piccadilly, 378, Strand, and 81, Leadenhall Street.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead who never to himself hath said, "Why have I never used a Swan Fountain Pen, by Mabie, Todd, and Bard, before?" If such there be, go mark him and, if well disposed towards such a benighted being, conduct him gently but firmly to 79 and 80, High Holborn, where all varieties of that admirable invention await his belated but inevitable approval. Should he be unwilling or unable to travel to that centre of embryo eloquence, 93, Cheapside, or 95 A, Regent Street, will equally serve the purpose of securing an "elegant, useful, practical, and lasting" present, either for himself or others—one, too, which contrives more than a double debt to pay, inasmuch as a Mabie, Todd "Swan" fountain-pen is its own nib, holder, and ink-pot all complete. Its price ranges from ten shillings to twenty pounds, as anyone who sends for a catalogue can see for himself, while its uses are still more various. The specimen illustrated is in embossed silver, and especially suitable for a Christmas present. That everyone who reads this may receive one is the amicable wish of an amicable well-wisher.

Returning to the topic of precious stones, which seem so apposite a theme at this gift-giving season, one's attention is drawn to the splendidly illustrated cloth-bound catalogue just issued by the Association of Diamond Merchants, Grand Hotel Buildings, Charing Cross, some of whose specialties are shown on these pages, and all of whose jewels are distinguished by excellent taste in design, as



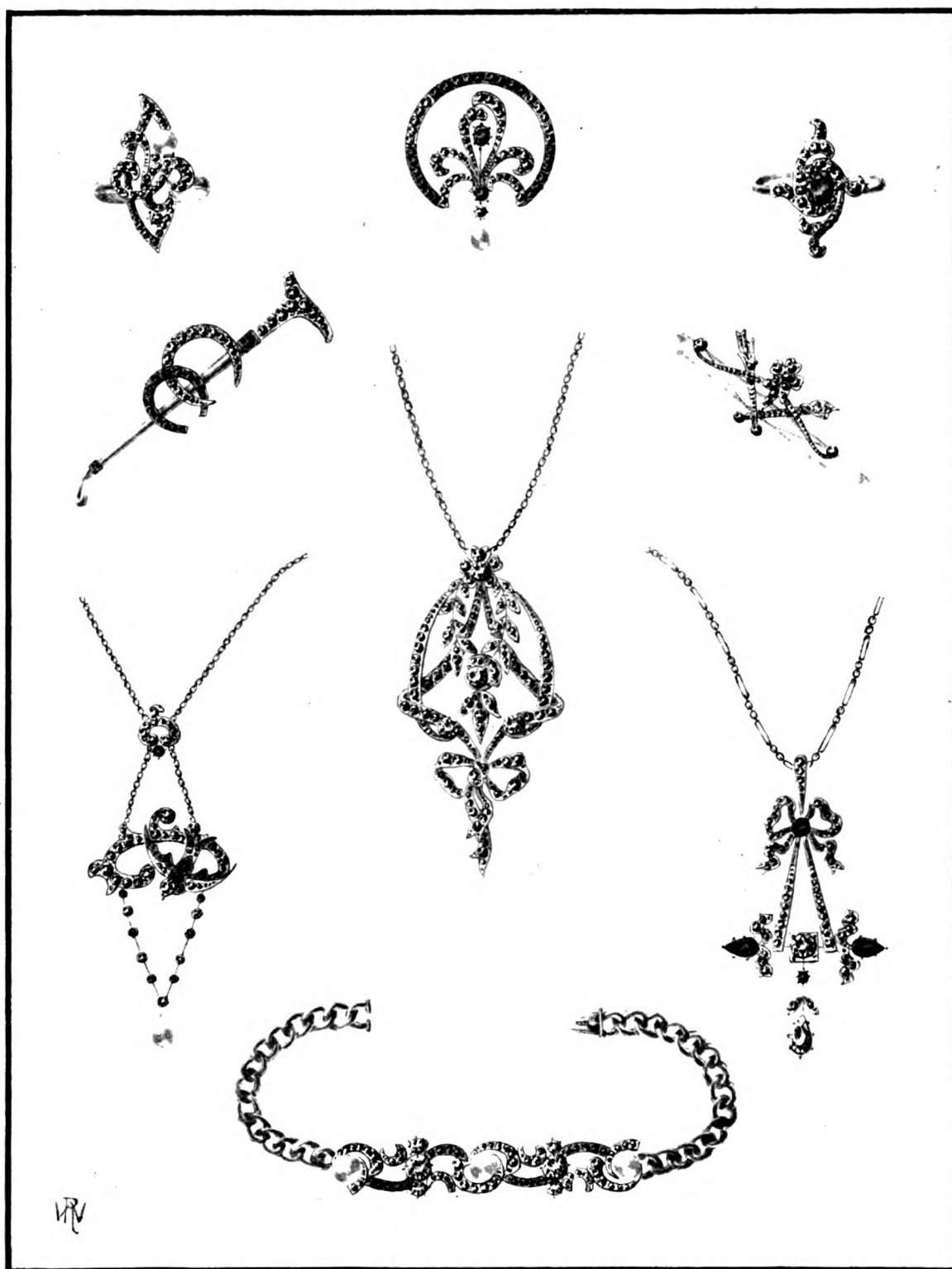
A Present Valuable to All.—One of the Swan Pens made by the firm of Messrs. Mabie, Todd, and Bard, 93, Cheapside, 95A, Regent Street, and 79 and 80, High Holborn, London, W.C.

well as by an obvious economy of outlay. A diamond pendant, for example, seems unusually low priced at fifty guineas, but the stones, being part of a large and advantageous purchase by the Association, can be thus retailed at much below present market values. A ruby-and-

diamond horseshoe brooch, with scroll centre and a pear-shaped pearl drop is thus obtainable for twenty-five guineas. A daintily set lace pin in diamonds is only ten guineas. One of the new scroll Marquise rings in diamonds and pearls makes a fashionable and remarkably cheap purchase at twenty-five guineas. A pretty pendant in forget-me-not pattern of diamonds, gold, and small emeralds is a very effective equivalent for the same modest sum, and there is a swallow pendant necklet in finest enamel, with diamonds and a pearl drop, which any woman of taste might reasonably wish to possess, the price being only fifteen guineas if the diamonds are of "rose" variety, and twenty-five if brilliants. Added to all these attractions the Diamond Merchants' Association have just issued a catalogue of second-hand jewellery, containing a list which might almost be summarised as treasure-trove so incredibly low are the figures at which these various rings, watches, bangles, brooches, &c., are to be sold.

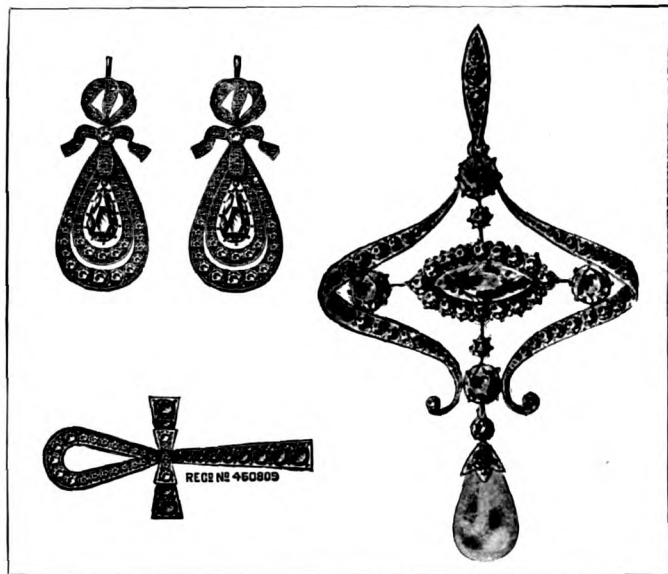
The true inwardness of all gift-giving, Christmas or otherwise, is to choose what may be most grateful and comforting to the recipient. Whether, therefore, your friend has a fancy for chocolates, diamond "ta-ra-ras," or tea-baskets, the essence of everything lies in discovering such idiosyncrasy and gratifying it. If by chance a photographer enrolls himself amongst our friends, what more intimately personal and gratifying *cadeau* than a Kodak, *par exemple*, inasmuch as the enterprising Company of that name provide a special Christmas Hamper, containing a complete photographic outfit, tank developer, film for a dozen pictures—in fact, hampers with fixings and fittings in all their technical entirety—for a guinea and 25s. respectively? Every boy and girl should have one in this forward and photographic age.

For humble friends whom one would unwillingly forget at this season of generous thoughts and deeds, a useful form of gift presents itself in the guise of tea-caddies variously ample and



ARTISTIC JEWELS AT THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS', GRAND HOTEL BUILDINGS, CHARING CROSS.

attractive, which are being sent out by the United Kingdom Tea Company, of Empire Warehouses, E.C., and though the philanthropic principals of this Company would doubtless wish that their right hand did not know what their left hath done, it has leaked out from



Some Delightful Jewellery at Messrs. Benson's, 25, Old Bond Street, W. On the left is a reproduction of an Egyptian symbol of good luck and long life.

unknown sources that they are in the habit of giving away quantities of tea in charity, which good done by stealth instead of by advertisement will, in due season, doubtless redound much to their credit side at the final making-up of accounts *in aeternum*.

It is not often that a special and particular opportunity of buying beautiful jewels cheaply presents itself at the psychological moment of Christmas, when everybody is more or less intent on purchases of some sort. Benson's sale of a diamond-mounter's entire stock of precious stones, set and unset, comes, therefore, most opportunely, and in passing 25, Old Bond Street, it will be found very well worth while to investigate the aforementioned stock of Mr. W. Tripp, as well as the specialties which Messrs. Benson are exploiting on their own account. Chief amongst these dainty toys is a curious Egyptian symbol of good luck and long life, taken from an ancient monolith and supposed to be the oldest emblem of good luck in the world. Done in diamonds only, or admixed with other precious stones, this key-shaped cross makes a novel and charming brooch. It appears on our page, as do a pair of pendant diamond earrings, now so fashionable, beautifully set and designed. Another desirable possession is shown in the diamond pendant with fine pear-shaped pearl, taken at random from amongst a dozen other elegancies of the kind in Benson's admirably illustrated sale catalogue, of which everyone should possess at least one copy. When it is realised that from 20 to 50 per cent. reductions are made on all articles, the advantages offered by this sale become more obvious. It may also be profitably remembered that the *Times* system of deferred payments is applicable to all purchasers of Benson's jewellery, and women to whom monthly or quarterly payments are possible, when a large sum down is not, can possess themselves by this system of jewels which would otherwise remain desired but unobtainable.

Maple's leviathan establishment in Tottenham Court Road has attractions for Christmas shoppers in every one of its endless



Unique and Artistic Presents at Messrs. Maple's, Tottenham Court Road, W.—A Copy of an Antique Porringer, the "John Barleycorn" Drinking-Set, and a Silver Tea-caddy, in the Chippendale knife-box design.

departments, and amongst novelties that appeal invitingly to the purchaser are excellent examples of Doulton ware beakers and jugs, silver mounted and of good design, outline, and colour; while amongst many attractive and unique specimens of silver articles are charmingly original cigarette and cigar cabinets fashioned in the old Chippendale knife-box design, and cups, as illustrated, following models of Charles I. period, when silver and the manner of its

making were both of importance. Besides these matters, Maple commend themselves to the giver of Yuletide remembrances in various other details apart from the main business of furnishing; and dainty embroideries, quaint notions in jewellery, extraordinary developments in the matter of the dressing-bag, and a wonderful and abundant selection of artistic glass and china, will reward the novelty-seeker at this temple of all the trades. Self-revolving tea-tables, collapsible spirit and lemon-squash tables, automatic smokers' tables are household gods that appeal to a very wide public, and of these and many ingenious first-cousins Maples may be said to exhibit a plethora.

If at Christmas time any olden friend should be moved to confer a real pang of pleasure on this chronicler of things in general, the readiest way would be to turn her loose at Vickery's with *carte blanche* to buy until surfeited. For never was there a more distractingly attractive booth of all the vanities; and not in Paris, Vienna, or New York could one run riot so easily in the pleasant practice of present-giving as here. The most commonplace articles, whether sticks, pipes, fans, glass, china, or silver, are here shown glorified exceedingly, and it is this distinctive elegance attaching to all Vickery's specialties that brings the present-buying world to his door at Christmas-time. Amongst this year's especial elegancies are the engraved silver and inlaid tortoiseshell jewel-caskets, somewhat resembling in shape the *bonheur du jour* of Louis Seize; neat travelling-cases for a dozen

different uses, and leather under-pockets with spaces for jewels, money, etc., admirable for the globe-trotting female; daintily fitted shopping-bags, motor foot-muffs, travelling shirt and tie cases, correspondence-tables, book carriages to hold cherished volumes, ornamentally tapestried boxes, clever "plans" for arranging the places of guests at dinner-parties, huntin', fishin', shootin' journals; the newest thing in writing-pads, rose-bowls, menu holders, and a million things besides, not to mention jewellery of such new and seductive devices as must needs persuade one to buy. The gold-hinged nail-shape safety-pin brooches are quite pretty and inexpensive, and are illustrated here, and the ever-useful clock is represented by a charming little timepiece in crystal and gilt bronze, which, though only three inches in height, is equal in correctness to the tallest Canterbury chimer that ever rang changes in hall or vestibule. Another useful trifle in these days of circulating libraries and reading generally is shown in the new book-marks and letter-openers combined, one of which appears in the multifarious matter of these pages. Buhl flanked with ormolu, which used to obtain such favour with our artistic forefathers, is revived by Vickery in trifles for the writing-table, and extremely decorative are its effects. Altogether one cannot but advise, even for people living close at hand, a perusal of Vickery's wonderful catalogue. For metropolitan or country cousin it is equally full of instructive surprise and surprising instruction in the gentle art of beauty, both as to its minor and major details.



Useful Presents at Mr. J. C. Vickery's, 179, Regent Street, W.—A Set of Horse-nail Pins, a "Motto" Book-mark, and a Crystal and Gilt Clock.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ELLEN (Elstead, Surrey).—No. SANS ATOUT (Wellington Club).—Perhaps M. S. (Caversham).—Yes. GAMESTER (Epsom).—Undoubtedly. SYBIL.

By a slip of the pen, it was stated in last week's *Sketch* that an Alaska seal coat could be obtained at Messrs. George Poland and Son's, Oxford Street, for forty guineas. "Alaska seal coat" should have read "seal coat." An Alaska seal coat could not, of course, be obtained for anything like the figure mentioned.

Messrs. Hedges and Butler, of 155, Regent Street, London, W., are one of the oldest firms in the kingdom, having been established in A.D. 1667, and are famed for their interesting records of old, historic names. In addition to being Wine Merchants to His Majesty King Edward VII., they have lately been honoured by the Emperor of Japan with a warrant of appointment as Wine Merchants to His Imperial Majesty. The vast cellars, extending from Regent Street to Savile Row, and from New Burlington Street to Heddon Street, are well worth a visit, and contain some interesting old wines made before the year 1800.

JAEGER

The one word Jaeger is all over the world linked with the word underwear. The finest health underwear known. One Quality anywhere.—One Price. For your health's sake (let alone comfort) Jaeger underwear is worth every penny asked for it.

See this trade mark on every garment. Write for PRICE LIST (No. 50) containing Patterns and 230 Illustrations, post free.



London—
126, Regent Street, W. 30, Sloane Street, S.W.
456, Strand, Charing 115, Victoria Street, S.W.
Cross, W.C. 85 & 86, Cheapside, E.C.

The JAEGER GOODS are sold in most towns. Address sent on application to Wholesale and Shipping Office, 95, Milton Street, London, E.C.

SIMPLEX PIANO PLAYER

SPECIAL FEATURES—
SPRING MOTOR,
which lessens the amount of energy in playing by over one half. . . And
DYNAMIC DEVICE,
which enables the performer to accentuate the melody.

Personal trial can be had at:
Wholesale Depot: THE SIMPLEX PIANO PLAYER CO.,
1, Colindale Buildings, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.
West-End Depot: 15A, Hanover Square, W.
City Depot: 104 & 106, Bishopsgate Street Within.
And 84 Branch Depots. Illustrated List on Application



"Your Simplex is so near perfection that I marvel more each time I hear it. Every quality of touch and degree of power seems responsive, with always the proper shading. The fault of all other players which I have recognized is the impossibility of playing a melody with one degree of power and the accompaniment proportionately lighter. This the Simplex does to perfection."

Madame Calve

Madame Calve has a Simplex in her home.

A REVOLUTION IN TYRE UPKEEP.

A 4,000 Miles Reliability Trial under auspices of Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland at present taking Place. . . .



Trial runs on Cars fitted with the Middleton Hubs arranged at any time.

Write for Catalogue, &c., to

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CHELSEA, LONDON, S.W.

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How much

would be added to your enjoyment, when drinking whisky, if you were absolutely certain of its soundness, its maturity — if you were confident that there was nothing safer or better to be had anywhere?

Just so much may be added by always selecting

DEWAR

A selection of prints representing in colours the famous oil paintings of Old London Coaching Inns by J. W. Maggs. Each picture measures 11" x 15". On receipt of 6d. in stamps any one of the following will be sent you post-free, four for 1/0, eight for 3/6.
"Cock Tavern," Bishopsgate Street; "Cock and Magpie," Drury Lane; "Hand and Shears," Smithfield; Interior La Belle Sauvage; "The Old White Hart," Bishopsgate Street; "Catherine Wheel," Southwark; "Elephant and Castle Inn"; "Wyck Street," Strand.

John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., Dept. C, Dewar's Wharf, S.E.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 12.

JAPANESE AND RUSSIAN BONDS.

WHERE the danger lies to holders of Japanese bonds is the fear lest the country should have been so drained by the war as to render it doubtful whether she can meet her obligations through the period of recuperation needful to rebuild the conditions of commerce, etc., shaken by the prolonged hostilities. We admit that the risk is not great, but it is there, and is discussed soberly enough in City circles. The usual reply amounts, roughly, to the argument that Japan cannot afford to allow her interest payments to lapse even for six months, since to do this would mean the shattering of all the confidence in Japanese credit accumulated in the past year or two. This view is eminently sane, and it may be taken for granted that Japanese coupons will be faithfully met, which is considerably more than can be said about those on Russian bonds. What will be the end of the present imbroglio we will not attempt to forecast; but if, as high authorities declare, the situation in Russia is a repetition of that which led straight to the French Revolution, then the outlook for the coupons is not rosy. Nevertheless, the bold buyer will make money by purchasing Russian Fours should they drop to 80, though he may have to face a further fall. Reverting to Japanese, the 6 per cent. bonds of the Second Series can be bought at 102, and on the assumption that they will be repaid in 1907, the yield works out at 5½ per cent. on the money—a very good return for what is practically a bill, and an excellent one at that. The two Series of the 4½ per cent. issue will in course of time reach par, and the market looks to the Fours advancing to the same figure, which movement will certainly take a considerable while to consummate.

INDUSTRIAL FEATURES.

For steady business, the Miscellaneous Market can probably beat any other department in the Stock Exchange at the present time. Speculation finds congenial employment in Pekin Syndicates and Anglo "A," with an occasional flutter in Allsopp's by way of luxury. Investment is busy with such shares as are likely to benefit

by the trade revival throughout the country. Iron, coal, and steel issues have enjoyed a remarkable rise during the past few months, and will, in all probability, advance still further before the boomlet subsides. But for at least some time to come, the over-capitalisation from which some of the companies suffer may be neutralised by a flourishing condition of trade. The Motor 'Bus industry has also shot to the front in an astonishingly short space of time, due partly to very shrewd advertisement, partly to the patronage bestowed by the public upon the new form of traction. So long as the companies pay scrupulous heed to the necessity for depreciation, their shares may be regarded as fair speculative investments when the routes for the traffic lie in very populous districts.

London General Omnibus stock and Road Car shares have fallen heavily of late, but this is no new experience, and a recovery nearly always ensues after a pronounced decline. London United Tramway Preference, now, should be sold without hesitation; they will be replaceable, in our opinion, more cheaply later on. The Preference shares of Lyons, Imperial Tobacco, and Salmon and Gluckstein might also be sold, seeing that the prices have very little scope for a rise, although the security and soundness is in each case unimpeachable. Some of the money might be put into Aerated Breads, which are due to have an advance, or into electric lighting shares, unduly depressed by the prospect of a stiff Parliamentary fight over new power schemes for the Metropolis. Anglo "A," it seems to us, is quite high enough except as a gambling counter that may yield a short profit to quick bulls; but the Preferred deserves attention as a good speculative lock-up, paying 5½ per cent. on the money. None of the Chinese shares greatly fascinate, and vague rumour says that one firm of Stock Exchange brokers have put a man into the Miscellaneous Market with the express purpose of unloading Pekin Syndicates upon every rise. The Vinolia Soap report is very satisfactory. The profits are enough to pay the Preference dividend three times over, and, after adding £3,000 to reserve, the ordinary shares get 7 per cent. for the year.

HOW IS THE RAND OUTPUT SPENT?

Few people, we imagine, are misled by the demonstration in Kaffirs into thinking that the market has actually revived for good. If there are such folks, they will be doomed to more disappointment. The



SIR CHRISTOPHER FURNESS, M.P., CHAIRMAN
OF FURNESS, WITHEY, AND CO., LTD.

Photograph by Bacon, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

STATE EXPRESS CIGARETTES

Manufacturers: ARDATH TOBACCO Co., London.

AN IDEAL XMAS GIFT
FOR DISCRIMINATING SMOKERS.

"ASTORIAS"

(Billiard Room Size).

Packed in handsome
padded Eau-de-Nil
boxes

6/6 per 100. 3/6 per 50.

Of all Good Class Tobacconists and Stores.



THE LARGEST STOCK OF GENUINE
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Antiques and Curios
for Christmas . . .
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Solve the Christmas Presents
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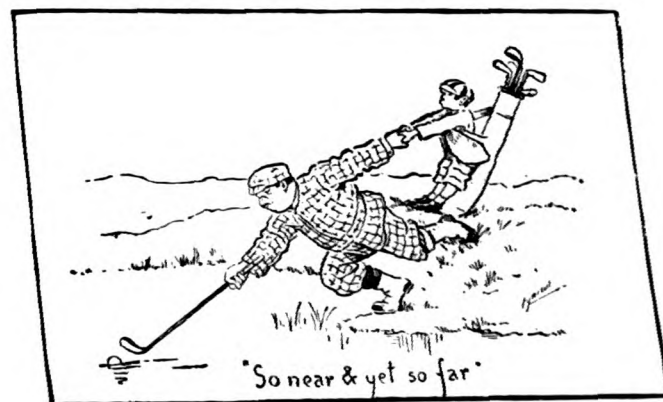
73, 75, 77, 79, 81, 83, & 85.

OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

ROBERTSON'S



DUNDEE
WHISKY



J.R.D.—The World-Famed Whisky.

dealers in the Kaffir Circus were bears to a man in practice, though bullish by hope and theory, so they fell an easy prey to the tentative orders to buy which were sent in by some of the big houses. Each slight outburst of buying may, of course, be the signal for the long-expected Kaffir boom; wherefore the more timid bears can always be trusted to close their shares if the market looks at all like turning round. But the more robust bears only sell on any rise, and the improvement from the lowest prices has been accompanied by an increase rather than a decrease of the short interest. In Stock Exchange parlance, the Kaffir Circus holds out "nothing to go for." One hope we discern, and that a slender enough one. The output of gold rises steadily, but where does the money go to? Not into shareholders' pockets, for dividends in most individual cases are almost as rare as angels' visits. One can but suppose that the money is being applied to extinguishing debts incurred for the introduction of Chinese labour, and in due course this expenditure will come to an end. After that, dividends? And a boom? No boom, we think; but possibly a better market for Kaffirs.

Saturday, Dec. 2, 1905.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G.P.E.—As to your first two Companies, we have no information. The people connected with them do not inspire confidence. Hold Oroya Brownhill, where you may with considerable confidence reckon on a dividend of about 16s. a year. The New Zealand Company is respectable, but the ore variable. We have not much faith in its future.

B.G.—We really cannot give you a detailed answer on sixteen Companies, of which as to the large majority nothing is known, and there is no market on the Stock Exchange. Hitchings appears a flourishing concern, but it looks as if some bucket shop had put the majority on to you. Our advice would be to get out of all and buy something marketable.

E. W.—Your letter was answered, and your papers returned on the 30th ultimo.

E. M. T.—We think the shares should be held. They were never recommended for a speculation, but as a speculative investment to pay good interest and rise in



THE WORK OF THE SWANSEA HARBOUR TRUST: THE PRINCE OF WALES'S DOCK EXTENSION, VIEWED FROM THE NORTH-EAST CORNER.

value. We hold, and intend to continue doing so. Within a year a substantial part of the arrears of dividend should be distributed.

RAIN.—The answer to all your questions is "yes."

F. C. M.—Our opinion of Kaffirs is not hopeful, and of the Company you name very much the reverse. The Broken Hill Company is likely to do well, but we prefer Block 10 as a purchase.

RUSTICS.—We really have no reliable information, except that we have heard that the Company is doing better, and we have no means of learning the truth before the accounts are published. As to dividends, you cannot expect much this year.

We are asked to state that a Swansea Harbour Trust Issue of £500,000 4 per cent. "A" Stock at £97 10s., is to be offered to the public, and that the issue represents part of £2,000,000 authorised by the Swansea Harbour Act 1901. The issue will be made under the auspices of Messrs. F. J. Benson and Co.

SOUTH EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY.

FOLKESTONE STEEPLECHASES,

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, December 13 and 14.

SPECIAL TRAINS.

LEAVING			LEAVING		
*CHARING CROSS	...	10 35	TUNBRIDGE WELLS	...	11 20
+CHARING CROSS	...	10 13	(Changing at Tonbridge.)	...	
WATERLOO	...	10 15	BRIGHTON	...	9 30
	...	10 17	LEWES	...	9 50
	...	10 20	EASTBOURNE	...	10 5
LONDON BRIDGE	...	10 42	MARGATE SANDS	...	10 5
+NEW CROSS	...	10 29	RAMSGATE TOWN	...	10 14
EAST CROYDON	...	10 35	CANTERBURY WEST	...	10 49
RED HILL	...	11 2	CANTERBURY SOUTH	...	10 58
EDENBRIDGE	...	11 16	DOVER TOWN	...	11 25
PENSHURST	...	11 25		...	12 10
TONBRIDGE	...	11 34		...	11 35
CHATHAM CENTRAL	...	10 42	FOLKESTONE JUNCTION	...	2 15
STROOD (N.K.)	...	10 48		...	11 38
MAIDSTONE BARRACKS	...	11 8	FOLKESTONE CENTRAL	...	12 21
MAIDSTONE WEST	...	11 11		...	2 17
ASHFORD	...	12 20		...	11 42
HASTINGS	...	11 5	SHORNCLEIFFE	...	12 25
				...	2 21

* Club Train, First Class only, including admission to the Course and Reserved Enclosure on day of issue only, 20s.; not including admission, 8s.

+ Third Class only, and Return Day Fare, 6s.

First Class Tickets from London issued on Wednesday, 13th inst., will be available to return on same or following day. Tickets issued on Thursday, 14th inst., will be available for the day only.

The Third Class Fares (except from Folkestone, Shorncliffe, and L.B. and S.C. Stations) include admission to the Course. The First Class Fares do not include admission.

Special Trains will be run to London and principal Stations after the Races.

For Return Day Fares from the above and certain other Country Stations, see Bills.

VINCENT W. HILL, General Manager.

The Subscription List is Now Open, and will Close on or before Thursday, Dec. 7, 1905.



SWANSEA HARBOUR TRUST.

Notice as to the Issue of
£500,000 SWANSEA HARBOUR 4 PER
CENT. ("A") STOCK,

Representing part of £2,000,000 which, by the Swansea Harbour Act, 1901, the Swansea Harbour Trustees are authorised to borrow.

Price of Issue, £97 10s. per cent.

Messrs. FREDK. J. BENSON AND CO. are authorised by the Swansea Harbour Trustees to offer upon the terms of a Prospectus, dated 30th November, 1905, which is now being issued and excerpts only from which appear in this advertisement.

Cent. ("A") Stock for Subscription, payable as follows—
£5 0 0 per cent. on Application.
£17 10 0 per cent. on Allotment.
£25 0 0 per cent. on 1st February, 1906.
£25 0 0 per cent. on 1st March, 1906.
£25 0 0 per cent. on 1st May, 1906.
£97 10 0 per cent.
Interest payable Half-yearly on 1st January and 1st July.
A full half-year's Interest will be payable on 1st July, 1906.

The Swansea Harbour Trustees are a public body of Harbour Commissioners originally appointed in 1701, by Act 31 Geo. III., cap. lxxxiii., and incorporated by the Swansea Harbour Act, 1854.

The Swansea Harbour Estate now consists of three Docks, River frontage, 24 miles of Railways and Sidings, extensive Warehouses, and valuable Freehold and Leasehold Land near the Docks, portions of which have been leased for Dry Docks, Patent Fuel Works, Flour and Provender Mills, Creosote Works, Fish Market, Ice Factories, Engineering Shops, Timber Yards and Saw Mills.

The Great Western, Midland, London and North-Western, and Rhondda and Swansea Bay Railway Companies have considerable frontage at the existing Docks for the shipment of coal; and the Trustees receive from the Great Western, Midland, and Rhondda and Swansea Bay Companies fixed annual rents amounting in the aggregate to £15,970, payable as to part for nearly 1000 years, and as to the remainder in perpetuity.

The following figures indicate the substantial development of the trade of Swansea Harbour during the last thirty years, at intervals of ten years, namely—

	1874.	1884.	1894.	1904.
Net Registered Tonnage of Vessels—	777,764	1,179,411	1,611,285	2,179,191
Imports and Exports (Tons)—	1,625,800	2,478,275	2,963,672	4,313,940
Gross Revenue—	£59,048	£91,627	£118,399	£179,776
Net Revenue (after deducting expenses of Working, Maintenance, and Development)—	£30,803	£47,101	£56,554	£79,939

The total imports and exports for each year from 1862 to 1904 are given in a leaflet which accompanies the said Prospectus.

Both the Trade and Revenue for the first nine months of 1905 show very substantial increases over the corresponding period in any previous year, and the Trustees estimate that the net revenue for the current year on the above basis, after adding Revenue receivable from portions of the new works and land already earning income, will amount, approximately, to £91,000.

To keep pace with the growing trade the Trustees felt it was absolutely necessary to construct a Dock capable of accommodating the largest vessels afloat, and in May, 1904, entered into a contract with the well-known contractors, Messrs. Topham, Jones, and Railton, for its construction by May, 1910. In July, 1904, the first sod was cut by His Majesty the King, and the work is being actively proceeded with; indeed, such satisfactory progress has been made that the embankment which is to reclaim some four hundred acres from the sea is now nearly complete. When completed the Dock will be one of the largest and best-equipped Docks in the United Kingdom, and will provide for a class of trade which the Trustees have hitherto been unable to deal with, and have, in consequence, been compelled to refuse.

The Act of 1901 empowered the Trustees to borrow £2,000,000 for the construction of the Dock and other works thereby authorised; but, having regard to the very favourable contract entered into, it is estimated that the total expenditure necessary to equip and open the New Dock for traffic, including purchase of land and payment of interest during construction, will be about £1,400,000 only.

Interest on the stock is not only made a charge on the Swansea Harbour Fund, but is made a debt, and therefore payable at all times out of capital as well as income. During construction, and for any necessary period afterwards, it is proposed to pay the interest out of capital, or, where available, out of income arising from the new works or land acquired for them.

The Act of 1901 contains provisions to the effect that the Corporation of Swansea shall, during a period of ten years next after the opening of the Dock, or any portion thereof, guarantee any deficiency in the total income or revenue of the Trustees, after providing for all expenditure, including interest on capital, any sums so guaranteed and paid not to exceed £150,000, and that the Trustees shall during the ten years subsequent to the said period repay to the Corporation by yearly instalments the moneys which the Corporation shall have so guaranteed and paid with interest. Under the Act the Corporation also have, on the day on which the Dock, or any portion thereof, shall be opened, to pay the Trustees the sum of £50,000, upon payment of which a contingent liability to the Trustees, imposed on the Corporation in respect of certain abolished bridge tolls, will be extinguished.

The net revenue of the Harbour between 1894 and 1904, as appears by the above-mentioned figures, increased 41 per cent., and the Trustees believe that the same rate of increase will be maintained until the opening of the new Dock, and that consequent thereon it will advance in such a degree that there will be no necessity to resort to the guarantee of the Corporation of Swansea.

The moneys hitherto borrowed by the Trustees are, or shortly will be, represented by:—Four per cent. Stock issued under the Act of 1886, hereinafter called "1886 Stock," £1,429,990.

Mortgages:—

Under Acts prior to 1886—Outstanding, chiefly at 3½ per cent., £48,010.

Under Acts of 1894, 1895, 1896—Outstanding, chiefly at 3½ per cent., £291,100; recently paid off, but which will be reborrowed, £26,500.

Under Act of 1901—Outstanding, at 4 per cent., £350,000. In addition to the foregoing sums the Trustees will have to borrow under the Acts of 1894, 1895, and 1896, or some or one of them, for moneys already expended, but not yet actually borrowed, £17,400.

The Act of 1901, which is the last Act, passed in relation to Swansea Harbour, authorised the Trustees to borrow on mortgages or by the issue of Stock any sums not exceeding in the whole £2,000,000. Of that amount the Trustees have, as above appears, borrowed on Mortgages £350,000, and the issue of the stock now offered will be the second exercise of borrowing powers under the last-mentioned Act.

Stock issued and Mortgages granted under the Act of 1901 will rank equally with any Stock which may be created under the Acts of 1894, 1895, and 1896, and under any Act subsequent to 1901 (unless otherwise provided by such subsequent Act), and the interest thereon respectively, and also equally with any mortgages which may hereafter be granted under any Act earlier than 1901 in excess of the amount to which priority is given as hereinafter stated, and the interest thereon. Stock issued under the Act of 1901 is herein referred to as "A" Stock.

The above-mentioned sum of £1,429,990, and the interest thereon will have priority over the "A" stock.

The Act of 1901 provides in effect (Sec. 43) that Mortgages granted, or which may thereafter be granted, under preceding Acts, and the interest thereon, shall have priority over Mortgages or Stock granted or created by virtue of the Act of 1901 and the interest thereon, but so that the principal money having such priority shall not at any time exceed £400,000.

The above-mentioned sum of £48,010, and also the above-mentioned sums of £291,100, £26,500, and £17,400, and any further sums which may hereafter be borrowed on mortgage under any Acts earlier than 1901, will, therefore, also have priority over the "A" Stock; but as to all sums borrowed, or to be borrowed on mortgage under such earlier Acts, only to the extent at any time as to principal money of £400,000.

Stock which may hereafter be substituted for any mortgages for the time being representing the said sum of £48,010 would be 1886 Stock, and would like those mortgages, have priority over the "A" Stock, but Stock which may hereafter be substituted for any of the mortgages for the time being representing the said sums of £291,100, £26,500 and £17,400, would only rank equally with "A" Stock, and the priority given by Section 43 of the Act of 1901 would cease with regard to any of the last-mentioned mortgages for which Stock is substituted.

The unexhausted borrowing powers of the Trustees under Acts earlier than 1901 are now limited to a sum of £205,000, which they still have power to borrow under the Acts of 1894, 1895 and 1896. Of this last-mentioned amount, if ever borrowed, only £16,990 could at present (after allowing for the £17,400) be borrowed on mortgage without exceeding the aforesaid limit of £400,000; but the amount of mortgages having priority to "A" Stock may vary from time to time within that limit by reason of the substitution of Stock for mortgages as referred to in the last preceding paragraph.

A Brokerage of ½ per cent. will be paid on the amount of Stock applied for and allotted on applications identified as coming through Brokers and Agents.

A Stock Exchange settlement and quotation in London will be applied for in due course.

The said Prospectus, to which intending Subscribers are referred, contains further information and particulars. Applications will only be received upon the terms of the prospectus and upon the form sent out therewith.

Prospectuses and application-forms can be obtained of, and applications will be received by—

THE CAPITAL AND COUNTIES BANK, LIMITED (Bankers to the Trustees), 39, Threadneedle Street, London, E.C.; or any of its Branches; or

METROPOLITAN BANK (OF ENGLAND AND WALES), LIMITED, 60, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C., or any of its Branches; or

FREDK. J. BENSON AND CO., 11 and 12, Blomfield Street, London, E.C.; or

THE CLERK, Harbour Offices, Swansea.

Prospectuses and application-forms may also be obtained from the Brokers—

LAURENCE, SONS, and GARDNER, 13, Copthall Court, London, E.C.; and

LAING and CRUICKSHANK, 3, Drapers' Gardens, London, E.C.

SKETCH SUPPLEMENT



THE METROSTYLE PIANOLA.

THERE is not one valid reason to be advanced against the possession of a Metrostyle Pianola. There are many all-sufficient reasons why you should obtain one.

The Metrostyle Pianola is a piano-player. There are dozens of piano-players, and some of them are good instruments. But there is only one Metrostyle Pianola. It is unique. It is, in its value to the musical world, unapproached.

It is the only instrument which records the playing of great artistes. As a great writer places his work on record for all time, so does the modern pianist record his performances on Metrostyle music-rolls for the benefit of future generations.

It is not a little thing to be able to play the Rhapsodies of Liszt, the Nocturnes of Chopin, the Sonatas of Beethoven, and the Overtures of Wagner, &c.; but to be able to render compositions such as



these exactly as they have been performed by, say, Paderewski, or Bauer, or Hofmann, or by many other eminent musicians seems to be almost incredible. And yet anyone, with or without musical knowledge, obtains this inestimable advantage when purchasing a Metrostyle Pianola.

Authoritative expressions are shown on the music-rolls by a red line. The performer follows this line with the Metrostyle pointer when wishing to reproduce the playing of a virtuoso. But the Metrostyle can at any time be dispensed with, and the music rendered according to the ideas of expression of anyone who may be playing. Metrostyle demonstrations are always given at Æolian Hall, where you are invited to call; but if a visit is inconvenient, write for Catalogue N.



THE ORCHESTRELLE COMPANY,

ÆOLIAN HALL,

135-6-7, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

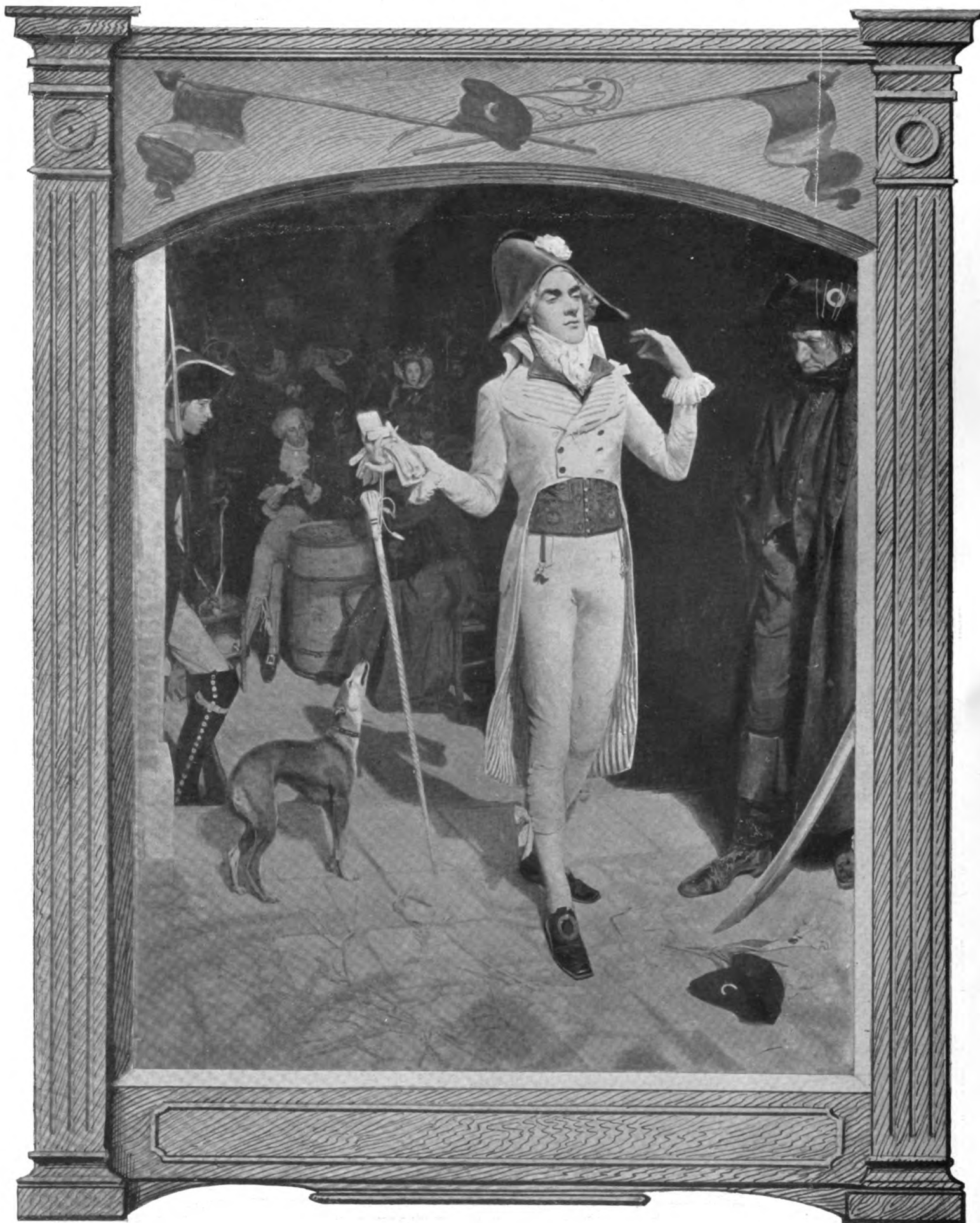
ONE OF THE EMPIRE'S "ROGUES AND VAGABONDS."



MISS DORIS DEAN, WHO IS APPEARING IN MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH JUNIOR'S REVUE.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

THE MAURICE HEWLETT TOUCH IN PAINTING.



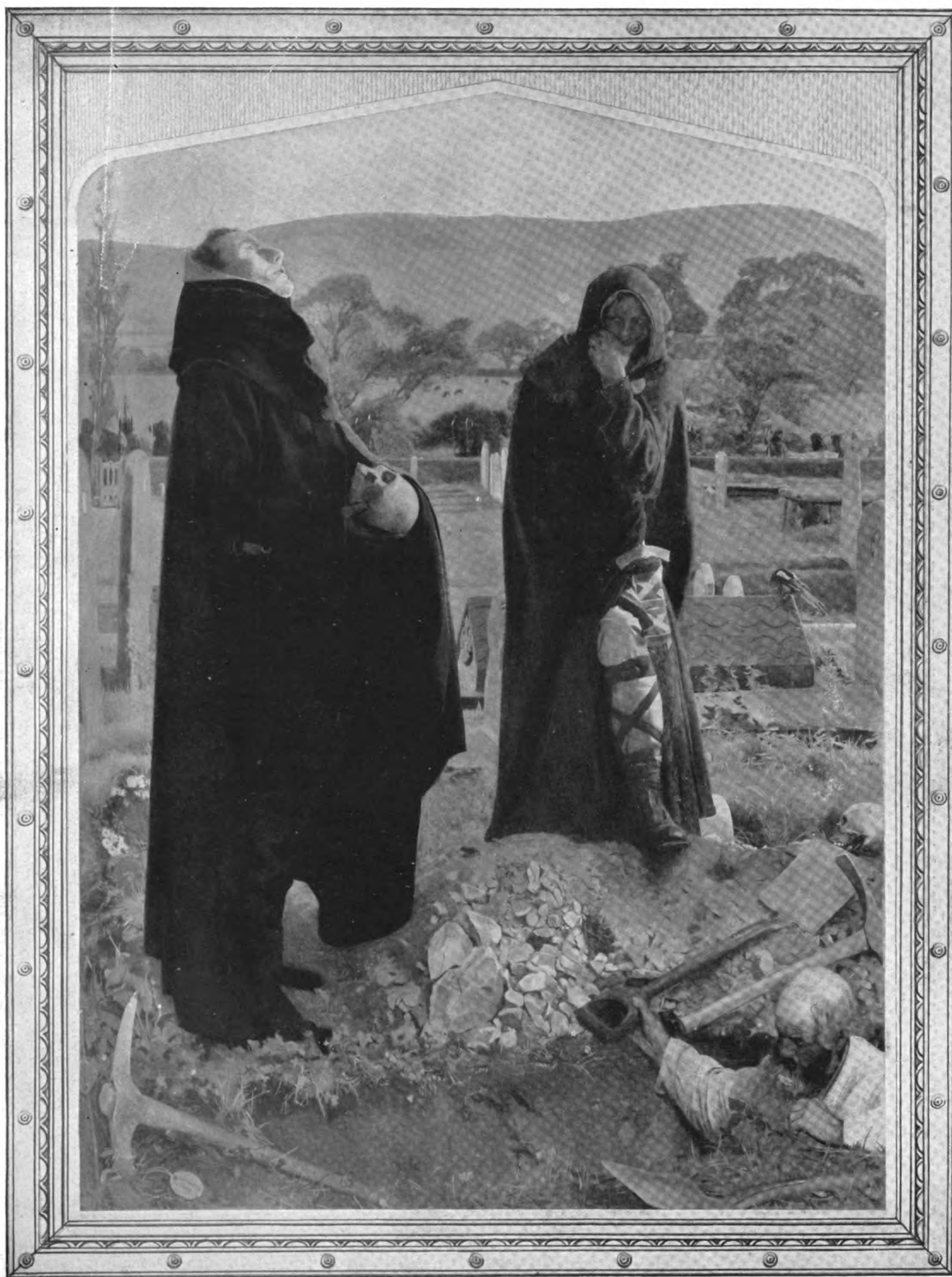
AN ARISTOCRAT ANSWERING THE SUMMONS TO EXECUTION, PARIS, 1792.—By F. CADOGAN COWPER, A.R.W.S.

EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN 1901, AND AT THE PARIS SALON IN 1903.

Mr. F. Cadogan Cowper, well known to all lovers of Maurice Hewlett's work as the painter of Molly in "Little Novels of Italy," is still under thirty. He received his first training in the St. John Wood Schools, passing to those of the Royal Academy, where he remained for five years, in 1897. He stayed, by invitation, for six months in the studio of Mr. Edwin Abbey, and later he lived for a period in Italy.—

Reproduced by courteous permission of the Artist.

THE MAURICE HEWLETT TOUCH IN PAINTING.



"HAMLET": THE CHURCHYARD SCENE.—By F. CADOGAN COWPER, A.R.W.S.

EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN 1902, AND NOW THE PROPERTY OF THE BRISBANE NATIONAL GALLERY OF QUEENSLAND.

—He exhibited at Burlington House for the first time in 1899, and in 1901 his picture of an aristocrat answering to the summons of execution in Paris in 1792 was hung on the line. His picture of the following year, "'Hamlet': The Churchyard Scene," was purchased by the Queensland Government for the Brisbane National Gallery, and his "St. Agnes in Prison" was bought by the Chantry Trustees this year. The frames surrounding Mr. Cowper's pictures as here reproduced are not those in which the paintings hang.

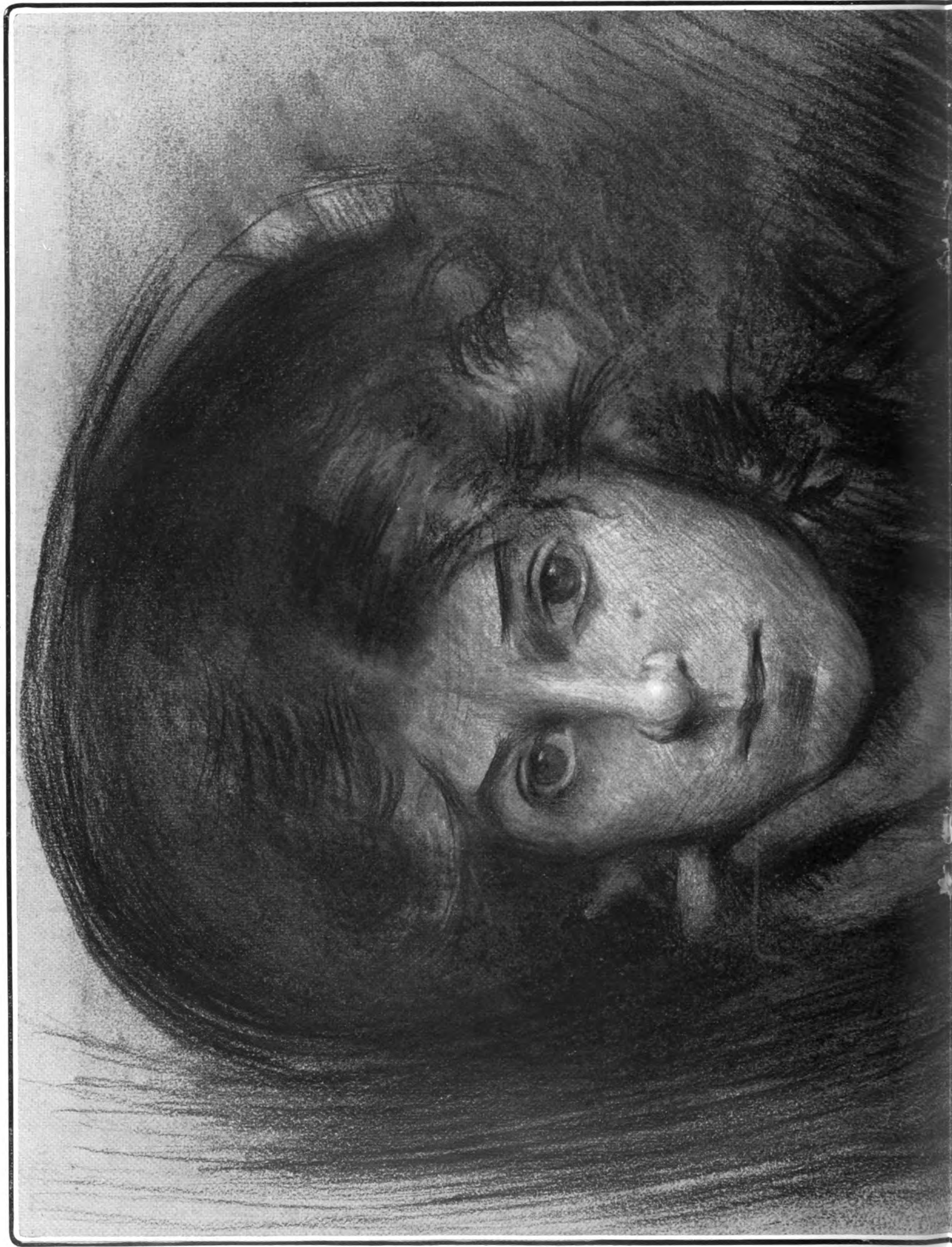
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[SUPPLEMENT.]

6—[DEC. 6, 1905]—THE SKETCH.—[DEC. 6, 1905]—7

[SUPPLEMENT.]

MR. BERNARD SHAW'S "DISCUSSION IN THREE ACTS."





MISS ANNIE RUSSELL AS BARBARA UNDERSHAFT IN "MAJOR BARBARA,"

AT THE COURT.

DRAWN, AT A SPECIAL SITTING, BY REGINALD PANNETT.

FREE-FOODERS: A STUDY IN HUNGRY MOUTHS.



1, 2, and 3. THE PELICANS PRESENT THEIR BILLS. 4. BRUIN SEEKS PEA-NUTS. 5. THE HIPPOPOTAMUS WAITS FOR UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES—
6 and 7. —WHILE HIS BRETHREN INDULGE IN A MEAL OF HAY.

Photographs by Helen Van Eaton.

DEC. 6, 1905

THE SKETCH.

[SUPPLEMENT.]

AN AMERICAN PORTRAIT OF MISS MARY MOORE.



MISS MARY MOORE, WHO IS APPEARING SO SUCCESSFULLY AS THE FRIVOLOUS MISS MILLS
IN "CAPTAIN DREW ON LEAVE."

Miss Moore finds in Miss Mills one of her happiest creations, and the success of "Captain Drew on Leave" is such that it is possible that Sir Charles Wyndham will endeavour to postpone his American tour. Should he be able to do so, he will transfer Mr. Hubert Henry Davies's comedy to another theatre when the New is claimed by Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry.

Photograph by Burr McIntosh.

MARIE HALL'S £10,000 TOUR.



AN EXCEPTIONALLY BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAPH OF MISS MARIE HALL, WHO IS NOW ON A VISIT TO CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

Miss Marie Hall's tour of Canada and the United States is to extend over five months, and will, it is said, bring the young violinist not less than £10,000.

Photograph by Scott.

"PEACE HATH HIGHER TESTS OF MANHOOD THAN BATTLE EVER KNEW."
QUEEN VICTORIA'S PRIZE—TO THE FAITHFULLEST!

Not to the Cleverest! nor the Most Bookish! nor the most Precise, Diligent, and Prudent! But to the

NOBLEST WORK OF CREATION!

In other words, "His Life was Gentle, and the Elements so mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up and say to all the world,

"THIS WAS A MAN."—SHAKESPEARE.



PLATO MEDITATING ON IMMORTALITY BEFORE SOCRATES, THE BUTTERFLY, SKULL, AND POPPY, ABOUT 400 B.C.

NOBILITY. "It was very characteristic of the late Prince Consort—a man himself of the purest mind, who powerfully impressed and influenced others by sheer force of his own benevolent nature—when drawing up the conditions of the annual prize to be given by HER LATE MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA at Wellington College, to determine that it should be awarded *not to the cleverest boy, nor the most bookish boy, nor to the most precise, diligent, and prudent boy, but to the NOBLEST boy, to the boy who should show the most promise of becoming a LARGE-HEARTED, HIGH-MOTIVED MAN.*"—SMILES.

A POWER THAT CANNOT DIE!

REVERENCE IS THE CHIEF JOY OF THIS LIFE.

INFINITUDE.

All Objects are as Windows, through which the Philosophic Eye looks into Infinitude itself.

"There is no Death! What seems so is transition; this life of mortal breath

Is but a suburb of the life elysian, whose portal we call Death."—LONGFELLOW.

THE BREAKING OF LAWS, REBELLING AGAINST GREAT TRUTHS.

Instincts, Inclinations, Ignorance, and Follies. Discipline and Self Denial, that Precious Boon, the Highest and Best in this Life. O BLESSED HEALTH! HE WHO HAS THEE HAS LITTLE MORE TO WISH FOR! THOU ART ABOVE GOLD AND TREASURE!

"'Tis thou who enlargest the soul and open'st all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. He who has thee has little more to wish for, and he that is so wretched as to want thee wants everything with thee."—STERNE.

The Jeopardy of Life is immensely increased without such a simple precaution as

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested, and approved literally from pole to pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records.

CAUTION.—Examine the Capsule, and see that it is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Otherwise you have the sincerest form of flattery—IMITATION.

PREPARED ONLY BY J. C. ENO, LTD., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

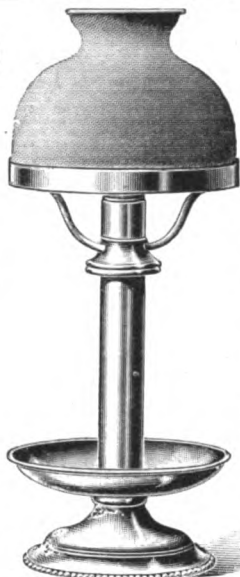
Mappin & Webb
 AND
Mappin Bros.



Silver Flower Bowl on Plinth,
£8 0 0



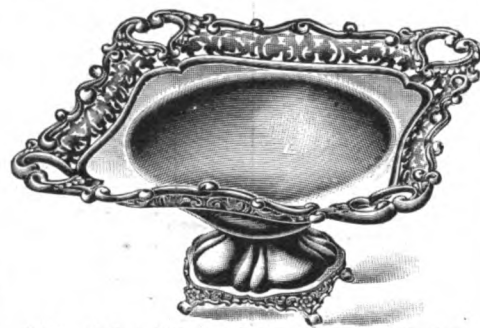
Solid Silver Cream Jug,
£1 11 6



"Prince's Plate" Bridge Lamp,
fitted for Candles ... £2 0 0
 " " Electric Light £2 15 0



Preserve Jar, with
Solid Silver Lid and
Spoon, 10s. 6d.



"Prince's Plate" Dessert Dish with Pierced Borders,
6 in., £2 5s.; 8 in., £3 5s.; 10 in., £4 10s.

SELECTIONS SENT ON APPROVAL.



Solid Silver Candlesticks,
35s. per pair.



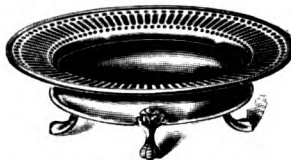
Solid Silver
Sugar Dredger,
£1 13 0



Lady's Solid Silver
Chain Bag, £2 17 6



POST FREE,



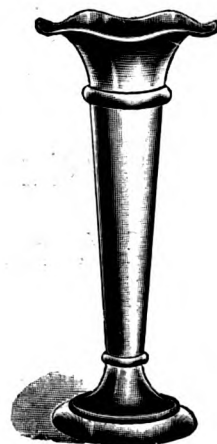
Solid Silver Sweetmeat Dish,
£2 0 0



Silver "Pot Pourri" Box, £3 0 0



Solid Silver Inkstand, £1 10 0



Solid Silver Vases.
5½ in. high, £0 10 6
 7 " " 0 16 6
 8 " " 1 5 0

SHEFFIELD.

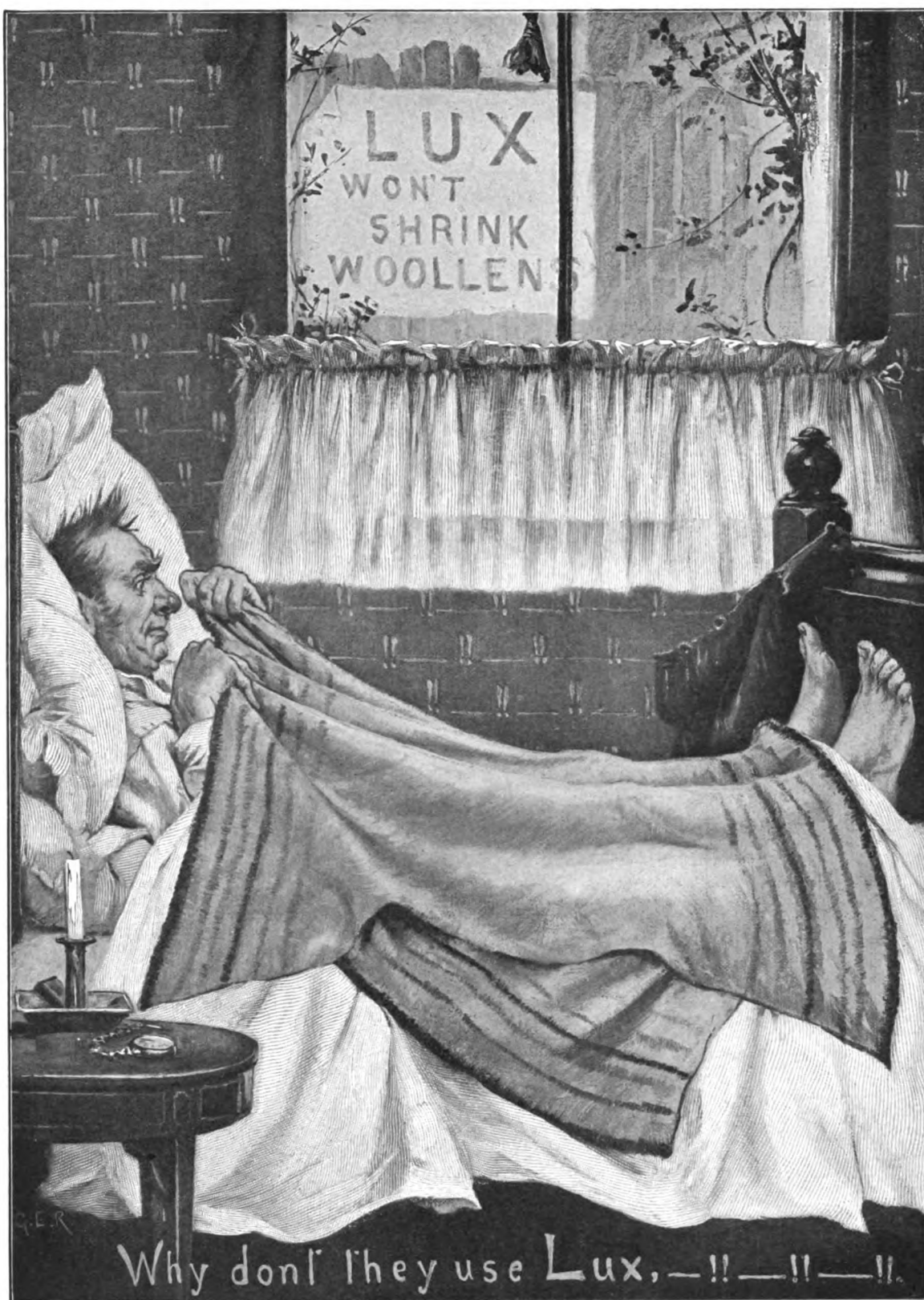
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WON'T SHRINK WOOLLENS.

For Washing Blankets, Woollens, Lace, Hosiery, and Dainty Fabric.
Refreshing in the Bath. A good Hairwash.

LUX SOFTENS HARD WATER.

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The name LEVER on soap is a guarantee of Purity and Excellence.